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## HYMEN O HYMENÆE.

ENGLISH HISTORY presents no exact parallel to the circumstances under which the "Rose of Denmark" is brought in triumph and congratulation to our shores. There have been more than one of the heirs to the English Throne of whom all tongues have spoken well, and on whom all the national hopes have centered. "Youth and royal birth," "both of them strong allurements," says the cynical historian, "prepossess men mightily in favour of the early age of 'princes';" but the favourite Princes of Wales—the BLACK PRINCE, PRINCE ARTHUR, and PRINCE HENRY—preferred very different claims on the affections of all men. The BLACK PRINCE departed full of honours in the afternoon of life; while ARTHUR and HENRY, who died before there could have been much reasonable ground for the excellent name which they have won, may reasonably be thought to have shone as much from contrast to their fathers' unpopularity as by the lustre of their own personal virtues. It is not so with ALBERT EDWARD. It will be well for him, and for us, if he can but retain the respectful loyalty which the virtues of his parents have won from the British people. On his own account, however, there is everything to surround his marriage with the happiest omens and the brightest hopes. We hardly know whether it was with universal assent that the BLACK PRINCE married the Fair Maid of Kent; but the Fair Maid of Kent was a widow, and it is all but impossible, when the heir to the Crown espouses a subject, but that jealousies should be stirred up in the proud baronial halls whose daughters have not attracted a Royal suitor. ARTHUR was but a child when he was married. HENRY died unmarried in early adolescence; and of the marriages of the Hanoverian Princes of Wales, the less said the better. On the bridegroom's side, therefore, there is more of substantial ground for happy auguries for the present PRINCE OF WALES's marriage than for any other on record.

It is now for the fourth time that the Danish and English Houses are closely united by a Royal marriage. Gentle King JAMIE performed the only chivalrous act of his life when, in hot youth, he crossed the Northern Ocean to marry his bride ANNE of Denmark, whom the envious storms detained from Scotland. Prince GEORGE of Denmark, the phlegmatic *Est-il possible?* furnished a decent foreign consort to the heiress and Queen of ENGLAND; and we have had the doubtful honour of supplying a Queen to Denmark, whose misfortunes or sins remain one of the dark places of recent history. But apart from these personal ties of the past, of which the promise is not so very encouraging, there are more substantial bonds of union between the two countries. How much of the old Scandinavian blood remains in our very mixed national organization is a problem chiefly interesting to ethnologists. The Raven left his mark on English character, as well as the dint of his beak on English corpses, in the old days of barbarism; but in recent history, not even the untoward event of Copenhagen has been able to efface the recollections of a common descent, or to impair the traditions and obligations of a common policy. A Northern league, in which the English alliance must be a main element, may yet have a decisive importance, as it has already had its powerful influence in European politics. So that, on merely political grounds, both in England and in Denmark, even in spite of Foreign Secretaries who fancy themselves Complete Letter-writers, the marriage of the Heir of England with an eldest daughter of Denmark wins general approval. We have almost exhausted the bride-producing capabilities of the soil of the small German principalities, so rich in crops of matrimonial successes; and as we have not yet, in England, attained to the serene heights of that unimpassioned philosophy which dispenses with the old-fashioned prejudice that kings and heirs of kings should mate with kingly Houses, we are

not displeased to resort to the older and historical thrones of Europe, and to those who represent the OLAFS or the saints and demigods of history or myth, to find a bride for the fairest, and, as we believe, the most stable realm of Christendom.

The betrothed of the heir of England enters to-day on the prospect of an inheritance and a position which is almost appalling, both from its vastness and its promise. The material aspect of the Princess ALEXANDRA's triumphal entry into London is nothing as compared with its moral significance. That English throne which, according to all human calculations, she is destined to share, and which she is called upon to adorn, although a trying station, is yet a station of which the trials and difficulties are only such as simplicity of character and a firm sense of duty will easily overcome. It is not mediocrity, either in powers or in acquirements, which can rightly appreciate the place of a Sovereign in our State-system; and when it is said that we only want a very common-place ruler, this superficial observation betrays utter ignorance of our political and national life. The late PRINCE CONSORT was the very reverse of a mediocre man; but his superiority consisted in this—that he willingly seemed to be common-place to the vulgar eye, while gifted with the rarest moral and intellectual qualities. What is true of an English Sovereign is equally true of one who, as husband or wife, must exercise a most potent influence on a Sovereign. Should it be found that there is not much to say about the PRINCESS OF WALES—that she simply gives no occasion to discussion, but that, as wife, and we trust as mother, she fulfils her duties in that lofty station into which, as the old-fashioned book says, it has pleased God to call her—she will have earned that love and respect which, with a rich exuberance of feeling, and from a happy experience of the present reign, the whole nation tenders to-day by anticipation. Just as that country is happiest whose history has least to tell beyond the simple chronicle of duty done and station worthily maintained, so, at least in a constitutional State, we ask from Kings and Queens, not heroic virtues, or transcendent abilities, or uncommon intellectual activity, but loyalty, good faith, and a good example—simple virtues, perhaps, but virtues of which the very simplicity, in high station, constitutes something of the difficulty. Hitherto, at least in modern times, the heirs to the English throne have found a miserable and factitious importance, such as it was, in permitting themselves to become the tools of a faction, which betrayed them only in its turn to be betrayed by them. From such dangers the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES will be secured, not only by the abeyance of political faction, but by their own good sense and careful training. Unless we misread the recent and inner history of the Danish Court, Prince CHRISTIAN has learned, from a trying experience, the necessity of, in plain English, attending to himself and his own duties; and the lesson that he has learned his example will have impressed on every member of his family. Everything conspires to surround with the fairest auspices the future of the bride and bridegroom. We do not say that their position will be free from difficulties, but each of them has had the best of training. The daughter of a Royal House, who has been happily removed from the baleful influences of Court intrigue, is much in the position of an English maiden of those upper classes of middle English life who are the very flower and grace of our social state.

Such is the bride whom the capital of England, and every town and village of Great Britain, this day welcomes with that royal pomp which exceeds all show. It is very possible—nay, it is most true—that all of us could have wished many of the details of the Princess ALEXANDRA's reception to be other than they are. Official blundering and perversity, and our ingrained habit of a supercilious contempt for externals, have, perhaps, never been carried further; but there is, after all, in the bridal greeting, that which passes show. The

English heart, at least, is in the right place. No doubt a ten hundredth part of the expense and trouble which have been lavished upon this day's ceremonial—if it may be dignified with the name of ceremonial—would have produced a far better display in any other country. But London is scarcely a geographical, not at all a municipal or a social, expression. All that to-day's Royal progress expresses is our wish to do our best, regardless of cost; and if it is all disjointed, unorganized, and inconsistent, at least it is ungrudging and most hearty. We should all have done better if there had been anybody to teach us and to drill us. But we endure neither teaching, nor dictation, nor prompting. And since matters are as they are, the will must be taken for the deed. The PRINCESS will, we doubt not, read these things aright. In the millions of congratulating hands, and in the uplifted voices of every order of society—nay, in the very jealousy of ranks, and municipalities, and of official authorities—she will recognise only the abundant desire of doing too much rather than too little in the way of national welcome. All London—and, indeed, all the three kingdoms—turning out only to pronounce a marriage blessing, is more than enough upon which to build the hope of happiness, and of that upon which happiness alone depends—of usefulness. Hymen never lighted his torch from an altar of rosier fires. Let us add, that while we have no reason to regret the abundance of our national tears, the dead themselves are not best honoured by the undue continuance of mourning. If, as a nation, we have learned that one lesson—"Weep bitterly, and make great mourn, and use lamentation as he is worthy, and that a day a two, lest thou be evil spoken of," yet all of us ought to bear in mind the correlative counsel—"Now comfort thyself for thy heaviness, and take no heaviness to heart, but drive it away." If, as we believe, apart even from Christian sanctions, the departed sympathize with our common human affections, we may invoke the pious memory of the Father of his adopted country, not only to share in to-day's welcome, but, in behalf of the future of his son and daughter, to require that henceforth we think and speak of him not so much in accents of dishonouring lamentation as in the earnest and cheerful hope of imitation:—"Placide quiescas, nosque, domum tuam, ab infirmo desiderio, et muliebribus lamentis, ad contemplationem virtutum tuarum voces, quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est."

#### THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

THE accounts from Poland, though confused and uncertain, seem on the whole favourable to the insurgents. LANGIEWITSCH has succeeded in several skirmishes, and he has for the present baffled the Russian columns which have attempted to intercept his movements. General MIEROSLAWSKI, who is said to possess considerable ability, has made his way into Poland, and if the insurrection assumes the form of a regular war, many experienced officers will be found to command the national levies. In Europe, as well as in America, it seems that railroads and electric telegraphs involve dangers and inconveniences of their own, as well as obvious facilities for warfare. The Poles have closed several of the roads to St. Petersburg and Moscow, and even beyond the frontier of the kingdom it is said that the communications are interrupted. Any handful of men, by taking up half-a-dozen rails, or cutting a wire, can derange the movements of armies, and the transmission of intelligence and of orders. It is only when the line of communication is in the undisputed possession of a belligerent that he can derive unmixed advantage from modern improvements in the art of transit. During the Crimean war, the Russian armies were decimated by the vast distances which they were required to traverse over almost impracticable roads; and it is possible that, in the conflict with the Poles, their operations may be embarrassed by their dependence on railways. Although the number of Russian troops in Poland is not at present known, it has undoubtedly been thought necessary to send large reinforcements from the interior of the Empire. The whole army must have been largely reduced in numbers by the intermission of the conscription for several years, and the nominal million of men who were formerly maintained by NICHOLAS have been probably diminished by more than half; yet the Emperor of RUSSIA has an overwhelming force in comparison with the insurgents, and, unless a diversion is effected at home or abroad, the prospects of the Poles still appear almost or altogether hopeless. In the war of 1831 the nucleus of resistance was formed by Polish regiments which have long since been disbanded, and in the earlier part of the campaign the Russians incurred repeated disasters. Time, however, told in

favour of the stronger combatant, and month after month additional forces were poured into the country, until the resources of the insurgents were exhausted. There is reason to fear that the same result may follow a still more unequal struggle.

The Polish patriots have hoped for relief from expected disturbances in Russia on the emancipation of the serfs. It is not necessary to rely on official reports that perfect tranquillity prevails, but there seems to be no motive for any rebellion of the peasantry against the authority of the EMPEROR. In some districts, the gentry may be exposed to hardship or danger; but the army will not be kept at home, in a time of civil war, to protect private rights or interests. In the Western provinces, where a Polish nobility still cherishes national sympathies, it is not improbable that the peasantry will be encouraged to attack or intimidate the landlords. It is evident that the Russian Government has fallen back on its most unscrupulous traditions; and if a servile massacre suits its purpose, no impediment will be offered to the gratification of popular passions. Long before the outbreak of the war, the Imperial authorities were in the habit of allying themselves with the lowest class against the landed proprietors and the inhabitants of the towns; and the reports which they have lately issued represent their wishes, if not their experience, in the frequent statement that the country people are hostile to the insurgents. Nevertheless, it is impossible to form a confident judgment of the tendencies of a population so remote and so imperfectly known. The leaders of the revolt may perhaps have established relations with the disaffected parts of the community in Russia, and they have frequently hinted that they have numerous confederates in the ranks of the army. Several bodies of insurgents are drawing together in the direction of the Lithuanian frontier, and it is naturally assumed that they expect active assistance from the malcontents of the province. The Lithuanians form a separate race, speaking an ancient language of their own; but they were formerly subject to the Polish Crown, and they are believed still to cherish the old connexion. Local risings in the Russian provinces would perhaps relieve the Poles from the pressure of superior numbers, and allow them time to establish a government and to organize an army; but unless they can acquire a certain political consistency, there is reason to apprehend that they may be crushed before foreign Powers are ready to interfere.

The iniquity of the Prussian proceedings becomes more flagrant as it is more perfectly understood, and the statement that the new Convention is but the application of existing treaties diminishes the chance of any return to sounder counsels. The King of PRUSSIA avowedly espouses the cause of rulers against their subjects, on the well-known principles of the Holy Alliance. His troops have, on more than one occasion, assisted the Russians, and Polish travellers have been shamefully surrendered to the enemy whom they were hastening to combat. Unless the Prussians are prepared for forcible resistance to domestic despotism, the universal indignation which has been excited by the Royal policy will exercise no practical influence. Austria is thus far more prudent, but the police regulations on the Galician frontier are becoming stricter, and the Austrian Ambassador at Paris is reported to hold frequent conferences with his Russian and Prussian colleagues. It is not altogether impossible that the partners in the original spoliation of Poland may unite in suppressing the struggle of the nation for independence; but, for the present, Austria is entitled to credit for the maintenance of neutrality, and her traditional policy is opposed to the aggrandizement of Russia.

The unanimity of both Houses of Parliament, and of all classes and parties both in England and France, will naturally encourage the hopes of the insurgents. The habitual advocates of freedom, of justice, and of national rights, are not even repelled from the support of the Polish cause by finding themselves in the unwelcome company of their bitterest opponents. If the members of the Peace Society were to petition unanimously for a declaration of war against some foreign Power, they would resemble in some degree the partisans of the POPE and the Neapolitan BOURBONS, who denounce with justifiable vehemence the oppression exercised by Russia in Poland. More consistent politicians hold that tyranny is hateful, whether it is practised by a schismatic Emperor or by a Roman Catholic King. Mr. HENNESSY and his associates confine their indignation to the acts of Russia; but, on the whole, it is well that, for any reason whatever, they should for once object to anything evil. Count MONTALEMBERT, not content with his immediate topic of the wrongs of Poland, devotes a



considerable portion of his Polish pamphlet to sneers against Italian unity. At the risk of alienating from his immediate clients the sympathy of all moderate men, he affects, in language unworthy of his genius and character, to compare the brigands of Naples with the Polish patriots. Both, he says, are called robbers and murderers by their enemies, and both are engaged in a loyal resistance to foreign usurpers. It would be difficult to find a more conclusive proof that political judgment is incompatible with sectarian habits of thought. The fanatic who habitually subordinates justice to orthodoxy is incapable of bearing valid testimony even in favour of freedom and of right.

In 1831 it was asked whether a French army could go to Poland in a balloon. M. DE MONTALEMBERT replies that Russia is vulnerable by sea, and that the diplomatic interference of France would probably render the employment of force superfluous. Russia might, perhaps, listen to menace, though scarcely to peaceful remonstrance; but neither England nor France can threaten hostile measures until they have positively determined on adopting them. There is at present no sufficient ground for the only demand which would satisfy the insurgents. They would know the uselessness of an amnesty, and they can scarcely hope for independence. It is due to M. DE MONTALEMBERT to notice his protest against a selfish attack on Germany when Poland requires assistance against Russia; but it is almost certain that, in the event of a war, an attempt would be made to conquer the Rhine. As the struggle proceeds, the duties and opportunities of foreign States may possibly become clearer. For the present, it seems difficult to advance beyond a barren expression of sympathy.

#### THE SPIRITUAL ROUND ROBIN.

VARIOUS methods have been in use in various ages for the purpose of getting rid of heretics. At first, anathemas were resorted to; later on, they were reinforced by burning; and in our own day, a thumping fine, in the shape of a deprivation or suspension combined with costs, has been employed, not without success. But since this species of nuisance first began to trouble the Church, the idea of expelling it by addressing a polite entreaty to it to make itself scarce has never before suggested itself to any generation of bishops. Undoubtedly it has advantages over the more antiquated methods. Suing a bishop before an ecclesiastical Court is not a cheap enterprise, even if there is any legal machinery by which it might be done. Its success would, in any case, be doubtful; for the bishop must be tried according to a standard of formularies which were composed centuries before his patent arithmetical doctrine-gauge was suggested to him by the intelligent Zulu. Refutation, on the other hand, would be more troublesome still, and would be a process to which an assembly of Bishops could hardly be expected to commit themselves. The more learned members of the Bench, knowing that several of their younger colleagues had been appointed especially on account of their ignorance of Greek, would feel that there was an insulting mockery in proposing an undertaking which implied a knowledge of Hebrew. But a round-robin was hampered with none of these difficulties. It was very cheap, costing nothing but penny stamps. It committed nobody to anything, and spared the Bishops the embarrassing and offensive necessity of declaring exactly what it was that they themselves believed upon the points at issue. Besides, it expressed, with admirable precision, the actual state of their own feelings on the subject. They had no keen desire to refute the erroneous doctrines of their audacious brother; for similar doctrines have been circulated in the publications of laymen for years, while the Bishops have been looking on with calm and gentlemanly indifference. Nor did they look forward with anything like enthusiasm to the prospect of an ecclesiastical process against an episcopal defendant. It would be a most dangerous precedent. One of the great privileges of a bishop's position has been that proud elevation above the sea of controversy from which he could look down with Lucretian complacency upon the legal storms by which the inferior clergy were being buffeted. They shrank from putting into practice the evil doctrine that a bishop was as liable to trial as any miserable curate was to be stretched or shortened by the Procrustes of the Court of Arches. They only want to get rid of their heretical prelate quietly, as of a noisy guest; and they feel that it would save so much trouble if he would but get rid of himself.

The only objection that can be urged against the course they have taken is that it will be wholly ineffectual. It involves an entirely new conception of the character of a heretic. He

has always been looked upon as a species of vermin, who is not entitled to benefit by the laws of sport; but it has never been suggested before that, like the "coon" in the American story, he was ready to "come down" spontaneously. Most of us have heard of the invitation addressed to a domestic bird—

Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed,  
The gentry's in the parlour, and their stomachs must be filled;

but it is nowhere recorded that the duck responded in any way to the appeal. Church innovators have always been remarkably reluctant to come and be killed. Generally, they are ready to sustain their opinions to the utmost. In some cases they have been willing, under the pressure of fear or argument, penitently to confess their heresy, and to undergo the punishment awarded to it. But no heretic has ever yet consented of his own accord to inflict upon himself the penalties of error, while still stoutly maintaining that what he preaches is the truth. To do justice to the orthodox of past times, none of them have ever yet had the impudence to suggest such a course to their opponents. It required the extreme agony of an inextricable dilemma to blind men to the undignified absurdity of the proposal they were making. Bishop COLENSO is of opinion that his criticisms upon the Pentateuch are true. He attempts to persuade the English public to take the same view by laying before them the proofs which have satisfied his own mind; and he calls upon the laity, acting through Parliament, to alter the formularies of the Established Church, so as to bring them into harmony with what he asserts to be the truth. Whereupon the Bishops lovingly exhort him to consider the scandal he is causing, and to resign his position as a bishop. They might as well call upon a Reformer to resign his seat in the House of Commons, or suggest to a hostile and invading general that it would greatly conduce to the peace of the world if he would give up all his guns and colours, and run away, without the needless preliminary of a battle. Right or wrong, Bishop COLENSO, as he has taken the earliest opportunity of stating, is here to fight. He has thrown down his gauntlet, and waits for some champion of orthodoxy to take it up; and he is willing to tilt either in the field of controversy or of law. The spectators will feel something like contempt for the thirty Bishops, if no one among them can pluck up heart enough to take up the gage, and break a controversial lance in defence of orthodoxy. But that contempt must turn to absolute ridicule, if the recreant thirty go up in a body to the challenger, and, disclaiming with unctuous phrases all intention of using their lances, beg him to be good enough to unhorse himself—adding that, if he does so, he may depend upon their diligently praying that he may ultimately be restored to the saddle.

It is probable that Bishop COLENSO's attempt to convert the English Church will be futile. At all events, there seems no present likelihood that he will succeed in procuring the adaptation of the Prayer-Book to his views. But until a fair time has been allowed him for the purpose of bringing the Church over to his own views, there is no room for the imputation of dishonesty. It will dawn upon him at last that the mass of the English Church will never fall into his views. On the other hand, his own views may be expected to develop. He appears at present to entertain no apprehension that the process which he has employed against the Pentateuch can be applied with almost equal force to the New Testament; but no one who is even superficially acquainted with German theology can share his confidence in that respect. The time must come, therefore, when he will see that his own mind and that of the Church he represents are too far asunder for the possibility of co-operation. He will then be compelled to decide for himself whether he can usefully continue to teach in the name of a body towards which he stands in an attitude of hopeless antagonism. But the time for suggesting such considerations to him is far distant as yet. Before he can be morally bound to sever himself from his Church on account of alleged disagreement, he has a right to ascertain by experiment whether that disagreement can be overcome. The case must be argued out at the bar of the Church at large, before the verdict can be held to have been definitively given on either side. He is certainly not bound, in the present stage of the controversy, to allow judgment to be entered as if the argument had gone against him, in order to please opponents who avowedly decline argument altogether. The reasoning which the Bishops base upon his consecration vows shows a forgetfulness of the ecclesiastical distinction between orders and mission which is not creditable to such eminent divines. The Bishop's vows were taken when he received his orders as a bishop; and of those orders, as his opponents perfectly well know, he cannot, in the eyes of theologians, divest himself by any process whatsoever. When he received his mission

to Natal, he took no vows at all. He might resign that mission if he pleased; but he would not by such a step repair his broken vows—if they have been broken; nor would he lessen the scandal, if such there be, attaching to a sceptical bishop. One of his remonstrants is a bishop who has retired from all his episcopal functions. But he is not the less, on that account, a bishop of the Church of England. That sensation which is undoubtedly excited in the religious world by the eccentricities of a man who bears the title of bishop, and which the remonstrants deplore as a scandal, will remain the same whether the erratic prelate does or does not discharge episcopal functions in Port Natal.

The only strong impression which this proceeding of the collective wisdom of the Bishops will leave upon the public mind is, that whenever they are able to combine in such rare unanimity, it is to do something ungenerous and ungracious. Some twelve years ago a similar spectacle was seen. A few clergymen, perhaps not much more discreet in their way than Dr. COLENSO, had drawn down upon themselves a storm of public indignation by the introduction of an unusual ritual in their churches. For the moment, the Ultra-Protestants carried all before them, and Exeter Hall reigned supreme. The Bishops, who had watched controversy succeed controversy in helpless inaction, and had never been able to agree on any one doctrinal question, saw their opportunity, and promptly spoke. They who had never combined before found that they could act together in adding their missile to the shower that was flying at the victims of the popular fury. After a considerable lapse of time, the opportunity has returned to them, and an over-zealous theorist is pilloried again. They have watched the course of opinion with care; and having come to the conclusion that Bishop COLENSO has no friends, they proceed as in such cases the proverb recommends. In the brute creation one sees the same principle frequently acted upon. If a sheep turns sickly, all the other sheep will combine to butt him out of the flock. If a seabird is shot at sea, all the other seabirds will drop behind and leave off following the ship, in order that they may regale themselves upon the body of their luckless comrade. Among human beings the practice appears to be confined to bishops. If Dr. COLENSO should be the first victim of this spirit, assuredly he will not be the last. Are they all so well agreed upon the exact nature of the inspiration of Scripture? Can they venture to draw up a new definition of faith upon that question, and promote a persecution for the purpose of enforcing it? No such definition has hitherto been attempted by them. The memorial carefully avoids the barest suggestion of a positive statement. Yet it seems but common justice that they should state what it is that they themselves believe, before they combine to assail a brother bishop for not believing the same.

#### THE DEBATE IN THE PRUSSIAN CHAMBER.

EVERY nation that tries to win the right of governing itself has to pass through its own special difficulties, and learns, in its own particular way, how to gain and use its strength. Prussia is just rising into the rank of a constitutional country by the singular process of having to endure and repel the insults of one of the oddest Prime Ministers that were ever imposed on a nation by its Sovereign. The rage of Count BISMARCK is not the rage of a hero, or the violent defence of the champion of principles; it is simply what, in homely English, may be termed the fury of a swell against snobs. He is like the gentlemanly candidate at the hustings, who recklessly invites a shower of eggs and turnips, and is still happy because he knows that he has the borough in his pocket. He treats the deputies as if they were a set of vulgar ruffians who have their idle fling at a great nobleman, and are welcome to it, because they can do him no real hurt. He does not affect to be polite, or to believe in the necessity of reticence or courtesy. In the recent debate on the Polish question, he even said he was glad to find that they resented the imputation of a readiness to invite the enemies of Prussia to attack her while defenceless, because this showed a spark of patriotism, and even that feeble spark was more than he could have expected. He told them that their resolutions, condemning the policy of the Government in negotiating the Russian Convention, were utterly useless, for they did not produce the slightest practical effect, and did not hurt the Government in any way except one. He must allow that there was one way in which they did hurt the Government, for they compelled the Ministers to abandon the really important business of administration, and attend to the idle speeches by which the Chambers were induced to adopt what idle busy-

bodies proposed. Otherwise, it could make no difference to the KING and his advisers whether the Chamber came to one decision or another. The insults of the PRIME MINISTER were so fiery and so personal, he rambled off into so many irrelevant topics, and raked up so many old grievances, that the President called him to order. But Count BISMARCK was not to be beaten. He started the theory that a Minister could not be called to order, and that, being sent to the Chamber by the KING, he might say exactly what he pleased. The President and the whole Chamber instantly rose in arms. A scene of the most furious uproar ensued, and the President rang his big bell for a long time without effect. These are the sort of trials to which the cause of free government is exposed on the Continent; although we may observe that the troubles of the Prussian Parliamentary President are eclipsed by those of his counterpart in Greece, for we are told that during a recent debate at Athens the Vice-President of the Assembly "violently agitated both his big and his little bell" without any one paying him the slightest attention. However, at Berlin, the ringing of the bell at last produced its effect, and Count BISMARCK closed the contest by remarking that, having twice uttered the observation which the Chamber considered especially offensive, he considered it superfluous to repeat it again.

This is all very good fun as long as it lasts, and we may be sure that there were plenty of people in Prussian society who applauded Count BISMARCK heartily, and thought he had put down the *canaille* with great spirit and the proper arrogance of a nobleman. Whenever the leader of a caste gives public expression to the most rampant pretensions of his order, he is certain to be thought a fine fellow. And everything that Count BISMARCK said and did testified to the sincerity of his opinion that it was his duty and privilege to make the Parliamentary wretches feel as contemptible as possible. In nothing, probably, was he more sincere than in the wish he expressed, that he had an English House of Commons to deal with. He did not care to remember that he is the sort of man whom the English House of Commons barely tolerates as a joke, but he was possessed by the thought that the English House of Commons consists, in a large measure, of people who are socially at least the equals of a Prussian Count. He expressed what is undoubtedly true—that a speaker cannot manage or persuade a popular assembly the members of which he despises. It is hard work to have to preside over the deliberations of an English vestry, for the president, if he is a gentleman, thinks and speaks in a different way from that in which his hearers think and speak; and it is almost equally hard for an aristocratic Minister to have patience with what he considers a vulgar Chamber. It is not until a social change is effected, and until the vulgar have, from some source, a power which all are forced to acknowledge, that the differences of rank and birth cease to interpose a barrier. The hopeful feature in the present phase of Prussian politics is, that we can discern the beginnings of such a change, and see something coming into existence which will soon introduce a new source of consideration, prestige, and influence in Prussian life. The Lower House is beginning to gain a position in Europe. It is backed up by the reputation it is achieving among the greater nations. Its leaders are earning a name and inaugurating a policy which interest foreigners, and attract the respect and notice of the outer world. The West is learning to distinguish between the foolish KING and his Ministers on the one hand, and the people and their representatives on the other. This, if it goes on long enough, must raise up a counterpoise to the tyranny of the aristocracy. It is impossible that a man whom all Europe pronounces a fool should go on for ever laughing at and insulting men whom all Europe pronounces sensible and courageous, merely because he goes to Court and is smiled on, whereas they either may not go there at all, or, if they do go there, have to endure the awful frowns of WILLIAM I. And it is curious to see how sure the Prussians are that in the end victory will be with the people, and how determined they are not to throw away the chance they have got. While the fury of Count BISMARCK was at its greatest height, and while the Deputies were burning with indignation at the insults offered them, there were cries from the public in the gallery entreating the House not to give way to anger, and to avoid every pretext for saying that the aim of the Liberals is to upset the authority of the KING. When such is the sense and prudence of the outside public, the Deputies are not likely to go wrong, and if they can but gain time they gain everything. In all probability, Prussia will not openly recede from the position she has assumed, and Count BISMARCK will not



admit that either Western Europe or the Chamber of Deputies has made him change his mind; but Western Europe and the Chamber know the truth, and the Lower House cannot fail to be treated, both in and out of Prussia, as representing a policy which must be triumphant, unless the KING and his Ministers are so imprudent as to defy all opposition, to challenge the censure of Europe, and to provoke an indignant people to do its worst.

When Count BISMARCK explained that he and his master could not view the Polish struggle with indifference, and could not pretend to regard it as the same thing to them whether the Emperor ALEXANDER or MIEROLAWSKI ruled on the other side of the Prussian border, he drew aside the very thin veil which conceals the real causes of the excessive bitterness with which the Court has recently viewed the proceedings of the Lower House. He stated, with the frankness of a man who says what he pleases to his inferiors, that he regarded the opposition of the Parliamentary leaders to the KING and the Polish insurrection as parts of the same movement. It is a general uprising of democracy against good government, a return to the anarchy of 1848, and an attack of the mob on decent society and the sacred cause of order. The KING evidently believes this, and his belief is strengthened by the sympathetic opinion of every one who lives with him. He remembers 1848, and is proud of the success with which the troops under his orders suppressed the turbulence of an unarmed, distracted German mob. He has once in his life won a cheap victory on behalf of kingship and the sacred order of nobility; and he is not the man to see that times are changed, or to understand that a mob without leaders and without purpose is one thing, and that a body of deputies representing the settled wishes of the nation, keeping strictly within the letter of the Constitution, and earning the applause of the West by prudence and patient good sense, is quite another thing. He can understand being a good kind father of the Fatherland, if every one will obey him; and he can understand the bustle of military movements and the clanging of cavalry officers, if there is a chance of giving the mob a good lesson. But, except as a well-beloved Parent of his Country, or as a fussy old military martinet, he is not prepared to act. His views of kingly conduct are confined to being good-humoured with his subjects if they love and honour him very much, or hacking at them and riding them down if they do not. Just now he is in the cavalry-officer frame of mind, and, as one of the Parliamentary speakers justly observed, the consequence is, that the army is supreme in everything. It is a government of aide-de-camps, not of Ministers, for the Ministers only do as they are told, and have no voice or will of their own. Things are thus reduced to an intelligible issue, and the question presented to Prussia assumes its simplest form. If the country can stand this long, it can stand anything. To us in England, the government of Prussian cavalry officers appears about the last of all forms of authority which a nation that respects itself could be expected to endure.

#### MR. COBDEN UPON OBSOLETE SHIPS.

IT is probable that, if Mr. COBDEN had not been weighted with the alliance of Mr. BRIGHT, he would have been a far more powerful man than he is now. From a literary point of view, indeed, he is not comparable with his friend. He has no command of the sonorous and vigorous diction of which Mr. BRIGHT has produced so many splendid specimens. His speeches have no style in them. They are still as "unadorned" as they were eighteen years ago. But they possess qualities which make them far more effective, both in the House of Commons and in their operation upon the public mind. His logic is close, and bears on it the appearance of more sincerity of conviction and a less elaborate preparation. His facts have a rough exterior, but they are much more artfully disposed than Mr. BRIGHT's. Both the friends, like the generality of speakers, probably collect their facts in order to suit their preconceived reasoning; but Mr. BRIGHT's facts always bear upon the face of them that they have been got together for a purpose, while Mr. COBDEN's leave the impression that they have forced him, rather against his will, into the line of argument he is taking. There is a further difference between them, which materially affects their comparative popularity in the House of Commons. Mr. BRIGHT is fond of flinging about him the vilest insinuations against whole classes—Mr. COBDEN confines his acrimony to a few official personages. As a general proposition, the rule holds good that classes have much thinner skins than individuals; and it is eminently true where the individuals are official.

Mr. COBDEN's speech on Thursday night was a powerful specimen of his oratory, though, except in irritating the two officials whom he attacked, it does not seem to have produced any immediate effect upon the House. If it had been delivered by any one whose antecedents were less questionable, it would probably have met with more support. He did his best to ignore those antecedents, and to argue from a point of view foreign to his habits. But the disguise of an enthusiast for English honour fits him ill, and the demure drab of the Peace party was perpetually peeping out from under it. He professed to be solicitous for the efficiency of the Navy, and the honour of naval officers. But he could not suppress an occasional slap at the "panics," or keep his foot off the slippery French statistics upon which Lord PALMERSTON has tripped him up before. The belief with which the House was evidently possessed, that, under cover of attacking Admiralty mismanagement, he was only caring to reduce the number of seamen voted for the Navy, destroyed the effect of his most vigorous thrusts. The two impugned officials were left to make out the best case they could in their own defence upon points of detail, and Lord PALMERSTON did not even deign to reply to his old assailant. Whatever misdeeds the Admiralty may perpetrate, the House has fully made up its mind that it will not again place an English Admiral in the position of having to put to sea with a fleet manned by cabmen and tailors. The reference made by Mr. COBDEN to America was unfortunate in a speech designed to induce the House to diminish the trained force which it supports. The name could not but bring to the minds of those who heard it a recollection of the vast expense which the United States have been forced to incur, and the fearful loss they have hazarded, from being compelled, in a critical moment, to rely wholly upon levies of raw recruits.

If Mr. COBDEN had been able to separate his ostensible from his real object, the former might very probably have been thought worthy of more attentive consideration. His case against the Board of Admiralty was very strong. Three reforms in naval architecture have, he contended, been made imperative by the advances of science. One is the use of steam—another is the use of iron armour—and the third is the construction of ships of smaller size. All these have been adopted now for some years by France; and all three were advocated by the present SECRETARY of the ADMIRALTY when he was out of office. The two first were adopted by our own authorities but tardily, and the possession of a complete fleet of useless ships is the memento bequeathed to us by the delay. For the third, though it was that upon which Lord CLARENCE PAGET was wont to insist most strongly, Mr. COBDEN thinks it doubtful whether the Admiralty have yet appreciated its necessity. Of these complaints it would appear that the oldest is the best founded. The reluctance displayed by the Admiralty to admit the uselessness of sailing men-of-war was both more damaging and less pardonable than their deafness to the claims of iron. The superiority of steam was an accepted fact for many years before the old sailors of Whitehall could make up their minds to abandon the recollections of their youth. Iron armour has been suggested far more recently, and even now its adoption is not free from difficulty. Protecting a wooden ship with iron has turned out to be like mending an old garment with new cloth. The stronger material soon wears and rends the weaker to which it is fastened. The supply of a fleet which shall be all iron, on the other hand, involves the gigantic expense of reconstructing two or three of our dockyards. And the impossibility of preventing a foul bottom still defies all the efforts of science to find a remedy. The iron-casing of the *Hatteras*, though useless for the purpose of turning the shot of the *Alabama*, succeeded in collecting a colony of zoophytes in numbers quite sufficient to destroy her speed. Naval architects have a choice of styles before them, which seems only to be a choice of evils. If they build of mere wood, their ships are "simple slaughter-houses" when exposed to a fire of shells. If they plate wood with iron, the plates loosen in heavy weather, so that it becomes absolutely necessary, as a measure of economy, that the armour-plated ships should never go to sea. If they construct entirely of iron, the ships will not shake to pieces in a storm, and are possibly invulnerable under fire; but their bottoms become foul so rapidly that any light-heeled wooden vessel can run away from them. The only fact that appears to stand out pretty plainly is, that if ships are not virtually invulnerable they must be small. Even a wooden ship, with modern artillery, good heels, and too small a hull to be hit by a long shot, can give a great deal of trouble to a fleet of ironsides and large frigates, as Captain SEMMES has conclusively demonstrated.

It must also be remembered that the invention of steam has given great facilities for resorting to the protection of shoal water, which vessels with light draught will be able to use with effect in manœuvring against three-deckers.

In the midst of the mental confusion which the interchange of technical rejoinders and surrejoinders is certain to produce, Mr. CORDEN's speech leaves upon the mind the distinct impression that, while lavish sums have been laid out upon our fleet during the last twenty years, it has never yet succeeded in emerging from a condition of incipient reconstruction. The panegyric which, as patriots, we all desire to pronounce upon it has, unhappily, been stereotyped in the future tense. It may be safely anticipated that the nation will not always be content to pay so large an annual price for the contingent remainder of an efficient fleet. But Mr. CORDEN makes a mistake in attributing all the shortcomings of our naval administration to two particular statesmen, who have shown rather more than the average activity of their class. The strange denial which Lord CLARENCE PAGET's official life has given to his unofficial professions shows that something more is required to reform the vices of the Board of Admiralty than the mere goodwill of the statesmen who govern it. The rusty mechanism that is preserved with so much disastrous solicitude in Whitehall presents an obstacle to improvement which neither nautical knowledge nor administrative skill can conquer. It is not even clear that the political chiefs of the department exercise an absolute control. Some vague indefinite power of modifying their decisions appears to be exercised by permanent officers, who cannot be forced to defend their own prejudices or explain their negligence before Parliament. There is that undefined distribution of responsibility and power that forms the shelter under which routine flourishes undisturbed and jobbery grows luxuriantly. Before the fruits of a pure and intelligent administration can be looked for in our Navy, this worn-out department must be recast. It is vain to quarrel with political chiefs because they have failed to infuse a new life into a body of public servants among whom mismanagement has become a sacred tradition. Until they are strengthened by a strong expression of opinion to deal with it effectually, that which has been will be again. The Admiralty will continue to follow the progress of science at a respectful distance, always arriving at an appreciation of each successive invention just soon enough to find that it is obsolete, and never yielding their adhesion to anything new until the time has come to defend it against the claims of something newer.

#### AMERICA.

THE House of Representatives which resigned its functions two or three days ago endeavoured to illustrate its expiring moments by two vigorous measures. The PRESIDENT was authorized to call the militia, including the whole able-bodied population, into active service; and he was also empowered to issue letters of marque. Foreigners have no right to complain of any military arrangements which the Government of the United States may think advisable. It is not surprising that the supply of volunteers should fall off, when nearly a million of men have been recruited in two years; and if the militia laws afford the most convenient machinery of conscription, it may be prudent to try once more the experiment of compulsory enlistment. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the gallant Pennsylvanians who, the other day, lay down during a combat with the enemy, would have displayed more patriotic ardour if they had been called a part of the State militia. If, however, the summons of all the inhabitants of the Republic to arms produces little effect on the armies, it may have served a political purpose by proving that Congress was in earnest. The incoming House of Representatives, and the Governments of the different States, must concur in the measure before it is actually enforced. Benevolent minds observe with satisfaction the humorous resolution of the Senate, by which the warlike preachers of New England are subjected to the obligation of military service. Since the days of Æsop's Trumpeter, no juster liability has been imposed on the sonorous non-combatants who exhort their countrymen to slaughter.

The unprovoked resort of Congress to the employment of privateers is deserving of the gravest censure. For all the purposes of the present war, letters of marque are absolutely superfluous, as the enemy has no commercial marine to reward the cupidity of piratical adventurers. The United States navy commands the sea, and blockades the Confederate coasts for two or three thousand miles. If more ships are required, the Government can easily provide them, and it can furnish them with legitimate commissions. It is notorious that

privateers are fitted out exclusively for purposes of plunder, and that they never willingly fight. No capitalist will invest his money in speculation on the capture of the *Alabama*, and, in default of objects of prey, not a single letter of marque will be demanded or issued. There is, indeed, scarcely an attempt to disguise the purpose of preparing for a foreign war, and the ordinary course of American politics would indicate an intention of picking a quarrel with England. No other Power possesses so large a mercantile navy as the United States, and consequently, the Federal Government, in a contest with France or with Russia, would risk more than it could possibly gain by the employment of irregular methods of warfare. As all the European States have agreed amongst themselves to discontinue the use of letters of marque, American commerce would be exempt from the annoyance inflicted by privateers, unless the enemy were forced to employ them for purposes of retaliation. On this ground it might reasonably have been supposed that England was threatened, especially as the chronic hatred of the Mother-country has lately been inflamed into unusual excess; and it is possible that the intentions of the Government may be misconstrued by New York journalists, who announce the probability of an immediate rupture with France. It is said that the PRESIDENT and his advisers, as if for the purpose of hampering their own future policy, have formally declared that a recognition of the South will be regarded as a cause of war; and rumour adds that France has already determined on taking the obnoxious step, and that hostilities are consequently expected to commence within two or three months. The report would deserve little attention if the law authorizing letters of marque had not suggested the probability of some foreign complication. It is still difficult to believe that the deferential submission which has hitherto been exhibited towards France will be suddenly exchanged for an unnecessary defiance. Recognition might perhaps afford a justifiable cause of war, especially as it would almost necessarily imply an intention of more active interference; yet it is unwise in the Federal Government to challenge beforehand enemies who might, perhaps, still be conciliated by prudent measures. As France has no apparent interest in quarrelling with the United States, the recognition of the South may be still subject to indefinite delay. After all, the suspicion recurs, that the privateers are to seize a richer booty than the cargoes of the scanty commercial navy of France.

If the Federal Government really meditates a foreign war, it can scarcely be doubted that the object is not to serve or to save the country, but to divert public attention from the hopeless conquest of the Confederate States. Mr. SEWARD has to the last persevered in the stale and idle affectation of treating the accomplished secession of the South as a mere squabble of factions. While the army of the Potomac still halts and dwindles away in the North of Virginia, Mr. SEWARD is not ashamed to inform foreign Governments that the partial revolt is principally confined to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. In any other country, the braggart Minister would have been driven from office by public contempt and indignation; and even Americans, notwithstanding their passionate love of bluster, are beginning to contrast the language of the public despatches with the achievements of the armies, and with the prospects of the war. The SECRETARY of STATE would provide himself with an ostensible excuse for the failure of his prophecies if he could account for the accomplished independence of the South by the outbreak of a European war. As England has steadily refused to be provoked by innumerable insults into illegality, or even into discourtesy, the Government may, as a last resource, have determined on a war with France. The rupture would afford Mr. SEWARD an opportunity of enlisting the patriotic feelings of his countrymen on his own side, in the personal controversy between himself and the French Minister at Washington; but, unfortunately, all the objects which would be attained by a war would be far more certainly ensured by a wanton quarrel with England. It is strange that even American vanity should believe in the possibility of a successful contest with either of the two great European Powers. The Southern ports would be opened, the Northern ports would be closed, and the balanced fortune of the civil war would at once incline to the Confederates.

The general conscription, even if it is maintained by the new Congress, will probably add little to the strength of the army. The volunteers who complete their term of service in June will assuredly claim exemption from the draft, even if their immunity is not already secured by law. It is incredible that half a million of raw civilians should carry on the war in the South, while an equal number of partially trained soldiers return to peaceful occupations at home. The fifteen hundred



New England clergymen, though they supply a fair subject for a legislative joke, will be found unprofitable food for powder in the field. The peace party, which is increasing its strength in all parts of the North, will be reinforced by all who are unwilling to serve, as well as by the friends and families of the conscripts. The militia force is commanded by officers of its own, who are, for the most part, ignorant of war, and it is constitutionally commanded by the Governors of the States. It is, on the whole, tolerably certain that if Vicksburg is not taken within two months, the navigation of the Mississippi will be opened during the present year by compact either with the Federal Government or with the North-Western States; and, for the same reasons, if the expedition against Charleston fails, the North will unwillingly, but finally, submit to the abandonment of its most cherished purpose of revenge. In the heart of New England itself, the Democrats are beginning to protest against the perverse obstinacy of the Government, and it is remarkable that the PRESIDENT'S Proclamation appears to be tacitly consigned to oblivion. Even the English Emancipation Society is perhaps beginning to be ashamed of its officious and premature applause.

#### THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

A GENERAL MEETING, whether of a railway company or any other public association, is always rather a critical affair. A little want of judgment may at any moment convert a slight divergence of opinion into a serious difference, and mar the common object by needless dissension. From the excessive keenness of the interest taken by amateur riflemen in everything which relates to their great annual contest, the National Rifle Association is peculiarly open to the dangers we have hinted at, and this year there had been many premonitory symptoms of opposition to the course which the Council have hitherto followed. Under these circumstances, the result of Wednesday's meeting is a subject for hearty congratulation to all who desire to see the Association which has done so much for the Rifle retain the confidence of the Volunteers at large. Of necessity, the discussion was confined, for the most part, to points of detail which to any but riflemen would appear of little importance, though to Volunteers they presented themselves as involving principles vital to the success of future competitions. On almost all these matters there were, perhaps, as many opinions as there were members of the Association gathered together. One topic which had been very vigorously agitated was the propriety of modifying the regulations of the contest for the QUEEN'S Prize. A large section of the Volunteer force was, moreover, resolute to press for greater favour to the long Enfield as compared with the fancy rifles which have thrown it into the shade. Alterations in the distributions of prizes were desired in the interest of every class into which the great body of competitors could by any ingenuity be divided. London Riflemen and members of country corps had each their own crotchets, both as to the conditions of competition and the time of the meeting. A system of handicapping was recommended, by some in the interest of bad rifles, and by others in the interest of bad shots. The minutest detail of the rules hitherto in force did not escape criticism. One gentleman had weighed the cartridges, and found them a fraction of a grain wrong; others complained, not wholly without reason, of the untoward consequences of the rigid testing of the rifles used for the QUEEN'S Prize, while an equally energetic protest was entered against the omission of the same severity in the contest for extra prizes allotted to the lovers of the Government arm. Besides all these, and many more subjects of discussion on the part of the Volunteers, the gunmakers who lately competed at Woolwich had to present the very substantial grievance that all but one of them had been beaten, and that Mr. WHITWORTH was once more the fortunate exception.

We are not at all sorry to see that details of this description command so eager an interest on the part of the members of the Association; and whatever may be the difficulty of pleasing all, the Council may rejoice in having the aid of infinite suggestions in carrying out the task which they have managed with so much success. The day when their constituents cease to be importunate will be the beginning of a season of apathy in the cause of rifle-shooting which the Council of the Association would be the first to regret; and, to do them justice, it must be allowed by the most captious of their critics that they have always been ready to make the best use of the advice which is so freely volunteered for their guidance.

The real significance of the recent meeting is to be found in the evidence which it supplied of the good sense which has preserved substantial harmony and co-operation among a body of enthusiasts, almost every one of whom has some special hobby of his own. The little discrepancies which had been magnified beforehand, in the eyes of many of the disputants, into serious causes of difference, melted away one by one, and before the meeting separated there was perhaps not a single Volunteer present who was not satisfied that his own views had made unexpected progress, and that the Council of the Association deserved the confidence of every member as the impartial representative of the entire body. Very much of this agreeable harmony was due to the admirable tact with which the Duke of CAMBRIDGE presided, to the genuine interest which he displayed in the objects of the Association, and, above all, to the sound judgment with which he moderated between conflicting opinions. It was fortunate that the proposal to vary the conditions of the QUEEN'S Prize, by confining it strictly to the regulation weapon, was removed from discussion. Under all the circumstances, it would be difficult to hit upon a better compromise than that which the Council have adhered to from the first, and a fruitless debate was happily prevented by the announcement that the QUEEN desired that the regulations deliberately established by the late PRINCE CONSORT for the competition for Her MAJESTY'S munificent gift should not be departed from. The advocates of the Enfield and the small-bore rifles had nevertheless abundant opportunities to urge the claims of their favourite weapons for special consideration, and the debate led to the very unusual result of something closely approaching to unanimity.

The truth is, that the question between the long Enfield and the small-bore rifles involves considerations much broader than those generally brought to bear on the dispute. While the Volunteers remain what they are, and what indeed they must be as long as they exist at all—an integral part of the military establishment of the country—it is obvious that they must carry the national arm for the time being, whatever it may be. It scarcely needed the assurance of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE to convince every one who had thought upon the subject that two entirely different weapons, carrying different ammunition, could not be tolerated in any army, and that every discussion as to the rifle to be encouraged in the Volunteer force must start with the assumption that due precedence be given to the regulation arm. The time may come when the long Enfield may be superseded by a more perfect rifle, just as Brown Bess was superseded by the Enfield; but the cost of re-arming the whole military force of the country would be prodigious, and it is by no means certain that any new weapon which might be substituted would not become obsolete almost before the change could be completed. Until the comparative advantages of breech-loaders and muzzle-loaders have been more fully examined, it would be premature to discard the present pattern; and it is some satisfaction to know that it is an extremely serviceable weapon, and that it can be produced at a wonderfully low price. As HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS reminded the meeting, no soldiers in the world are armed as well as our own; and though that may not be a reason for rejecting all further improvement, it is a sufficient argument against precipitate change. We must accept, as the first settled condition of the armament of the Volunteers, that for some time to come the long Enfield will be their weapon in the ranks, and it follows inevitably that every possible encouragement should be given to develop its very respectable powers to the utmost. It seems to be conceded by the Council that this has scarcely yet been done, for, with the exception of the picked men sent up for the QUEEN'S and other prizes, Volunteers have scarcely any opportunity of competing at Wimbledon with their own weapon, unless they venture on the almost hopeless task of shooting against very superior rifles. The reason for this apparent neglect was stated frankly enough by Lord ELCHO. The Council would be delighted to offer more prizes for the long Enfield if they had more funds; and the difficulty, we believe, will be removed, partly by the larger support which this declaration will win for them, and still more from the discovery—which has been confirmed by the experience of many competitions—that almost any amount of prizes may be safely offered, if the conditions are popular, with the certainty that the entrance-money will furnish all the requisite funds. We have no doubt, therefore, that when the bye-laws for 1863 are issued, they will be found to meet the just expectations of the great mass of the Volunteers, who know nothing of the mysteries of any rifle except that with which the Government has supplied them.

At the same time that this point was settled in principle by the general concurrence of the entire meeting in the suggestions of their President, another equally important maxim was adopted. The Enfield is to be encouraged, but this is not to be done by discouraging the use of the more accurate weapons which modern science has produced. The suggestion that the rival arms should be brought to a level (that is, to the level of the lowest) by a system of handicapping, met with little support; and though there was not a single division taken throughout the meeting, there was no difficulty in appreciating the general feeling against weighting crack shots and fancy rifles by giving odds to less skilful or worse equipped competitors. Such a step would be the most serious blow that could be struck at the two main objects of the Association—the improvement of rifle shooting, and the improvement of rifles. Fortunately, there is not the least difficulty in reconciling, in other ways, the two indispensable conditions we have stated; and perhaps the happiest way of doing so is to imitate the plan which Sir R. M'DONNELL described as having been adopted with general approval and great success in the rifle contests of the Volunteers of the colony of which he was Governor. This is simply to give a prize, or series of prizes, for the best shooting in each competition, and a supplementary set of prizes of somewhat less amount for the best performances with the Enfield rifle in the same contest. Besides giving a fair opportunity to all, this arrangement has the advantage of supplying a comparative test of the different rifles, more perfect, perhaps, for practical purposes, than any other, especially if the best shots are tempted to use the Enfield by being allowed to enter with both classes of rifles.

Almost the only subject for regret in what occurred at the meeting is the announcement that the change of the time of the Wimbledon contest to a more propitious month has been prevented by the engagements of the Hythe staff. It may reasonably be hoped that, with abundant notice of what is desired, it will be found in future years as easy to make a holiday at Hythe in August as in July, but for the present year a postponement of a few days is, it seems, all that can be conceded. In this, as in all other matters, the Volunteers have every reason to feel assured that the Council will, as heretofore, be indefatigable in their endeavours to meet the wishes of the majority of their constituents, and to insure the permanent and increasing success of the Wimbledon meetings. We hope the Volunteers, on their side, will display the same alacrity in strengthening the hands of their energetic Council.

#### CAMPBELL v. SPOTTISWOODE.

IT would be neither useful nor dignified to complain of the expense and annoyance which have been imposed on the defendants in the case of CAMPBELL v. SPOTTISWOODE. Even if the Court above sustains the opinion intimated by the CHIEF JUSTICE on the point specially found by the jury, the proprietors of the *Saturday Review* have reason to be satisfied with a verdict which affirms the good faith of the impugned publication. Since no evidence was given, or could have been given, as to the motives of the writer, the jurors, in substance, affirmed that there was reasonable ground for believing in the justice of the comments which they nevertheless regarded as injurious to the extent of 50*l*. Internal evidence of a sincere conviction could, in such a case, only have been furnished by the force or plausibility of the reasons which supported the libellous conclusion. It is obvious that many statements which are credible, or even true, may yet be objectionable when they are made in public. Private life and personal relations are, in ordinary cases, exempt from criticism, and it is admitted that respectable journalists rarely transgress the recognised boundary. But the claim of a similar immunity for political and religious publications would, if it were acknowledged, destroy, for almost all useful purposes, the boasted freedom of the English press. The disagreeable duty of resisting encroachments on the liberty of open discussion too often devolves on the defendants in actions for alleged libels. It was stated, in the course of the proceedings, that the action might have been compromised by a sweeping retraction of the statements which, according to the jury, expressed a sincere and not improbable opinion. Although, however, instant submission to the menace of legal proceedings would have saved much trouble, a tame abdication of the right of criticism would have been as incompatible with the public interest as with legitimate self-respect.

Serjeant PARRY's challenge to imitate the creditable example of the *Times* in its vindication of a celebrated charge of fraud, may be dismissed as a rhetorical flourish. It was possible to

prove that certain swindlers were guilty of conspiracy; but no witness could swear that the plaintiff in the recent action cared for the interests of his paper more earnestly than for the souls of the Chinese. The jury has now conclusively established the single-minded piety of the motives which had been perhaps too irreverently questioned; but the expensive process of a verdict is the only possible method of ascertaining the secret thoughts and impulses of human nature. If it is urged that, according to the ruling of the CHIEF JUSTICE, writers have no right to impute motives, the prohibition, literally construed, would effectually suppress almost all political criticism. Supposed charges against a statesman of corruption or treason are by no means analogous to the scepticism which hesitates to accept from every man his complacent interpretation of his own feelings and actions. When pecuniary interest and religious enthusiasm happen to coincide in their tendencies, coldblooded critics are, perhaps, too much inclined to attribute the effects of zeal to the humbler cause which might, in ordinary cases, have produced the same results. The beershops, which have been established to supply the public with a certain kind of ale, may be wrongfully suspected of an incidental regard for the sixpences which are paid over the counter. In any case, the suggestion of an unavowed purpose is professedly conjectural, and those to whom it is addressed have every opportunity of forming a judgment from the same materials which were employed by the writer. It is at least certain that the error of dealing with motives as well as with acts is committed by every political writer as often as he engages in any practical controversy.

If Mr. DISRAELI proposes an amendment on the ensuing Budget, he will not fail to support his proposal by arguments relating exclusively to public interests. He may recommend the reduction of expenditure, the diminution of Customs duties, or the relief of the income-tax payer, and he will certainly abstain from any expression of a desire to gratify his own ambition. Yet it is, unfortunately, too certain that captious opponents, while they investigate his calculations and his reasons, will hint a belief that an attack on the Government is designed to bring its proposer into office. Mr. DISRAELI is not likely to meet his censors by an action for libel, yet it is almost as culpable to aim at a seat in the Cabinet under pretence of cheapening tea, as to talk about Christianity in China and to think about the sale of a little sectarian paper. It is not intrinsically wrong to wish for circulation or for office, and it might have been thought that the insinuation of motives below the highest was as legal as it is assuredly habitual. When exceptional virtue adopts means which have no intelligible relation to the ends proposed, misunderstanding seems to be especially venial. In the recent case, the paper might be sold, but it was apparently improbable that the Chinese would be converted. One commentator on the verdict oddly maintains that it was unnecessary to impute motives, when it would have been sufficient to record a flagrantly improper proceeding. In other words, the libel ought to have been suggested to the mind of the reader, while the critic or narrator carefully avoided all responsibility and risk. Such a course might possibly have been safer, but it would certainly not have been more agreeable to the plaintiff in the action. In some cases, it is impossible to separate acts from their real or apparent motives.

In general, it is improper to appeal from law to common opinion, but the law of libel is distinguished from all other branches of English jurisprudence by the circumstance that it is not so much a law as a custom regulated by juries. For all other purposes except an action or prosecution for libel, the construction of documents belongs exclusively to the Court. The verdict only ascertains that a contract was, in fact, signed by the defendant, or that a testator was competent to make a will; and the meaning and purport of the instrument is interpreted according to established rules, without further reference to the jury. According to analogy, the judge would merely leave in issue the authorship of an alleged libel, and the correctness of the innuendos or applications assigned by the plaintiff. It was only in the latter part of the last century that a fundamental innovation was introduced on grounds of political or social expediency, and in derogation of the general rules of jurisprudence. For eighty or ninety years, juries have been made judges of the law as well as of the fact, and, in deciding whether a document is a libel, they are not bound to follow the direction of the Court. Although judges attempt to guide their deliberations by propounding various rules and principles, it is impossible that verdicts should furnish the materials of any consistent code; and, in general, it may be said that any disagreeable statement in writing may be the foundation of a



verdict for damages. On the whole, popular feeling and judgment, as expressed by juries, form perhaps the most satisfactory test of libellous language; but it is highly important that sound opinions should prevail as to the proper limits of political and religious discussion. If ignorance and vulgarity established the claims to impunity which they are always eager to advance, indignant satirists would not be the chief losers by their own compulsory silence. Juries and other exponents of popular opinion would, perhaps, do well to consider the inconvenience of one-sided controversy. Censorious presumption may calumniate entire classes of the community, without incurring any heavier penalty than the contempt which is powerless against pachydermatous stupidity. Nothing is safer than an appeal to vulgar fanaticism against education, whether it is sought in ancient universities or cultivated by foreign travel. No legal proceedings await the pious pamphleteer who denounces the infidelity of Oxford, or the fatal consequences which the carelessness of incompetent guardians might have occasioned when the heir to the Crown was exposed to the temptations of Roman Catholic countries. It is only when secular critics question the justice of sectarian vituperation that the law is invoked to enforce silence on the organs of profane opinion. If the intelligent classes wish to avoid the restraints of an illiterate censorship, they ought to watch the administration by juries of the elastic law of libel.

#### THE CLERICAL MIND.

MEN instinctively form a general conception of the character of nations, classes, and professions, which they consider to be a fair representation of the leading qualities discernible in the bulk of those whom they include in their survey, but which they would never think of setting up as a standard by which individuals are to be measured. The general character of the Englishman, for example, is thought to be summed up in John Bull, although any one who reflects may see that there are many of the more striking, and some of the best features in the English character, which are not at all included in the conception of John Bull, and although there are manifestly millions of Englishmen who have no likeness to John Bull at all. In the same way, there is a popular view of most of the professions, which is not untrue, so far as it goes, but is very untrue if applied to particular persons. Lawyers are regarded as a set of pettifogging scoundrels who would tell anylie for sixpence, and canal-walkers pick a hole in the words and writings of plain, honest, simple people. This is only partially true. The public has also formed its notion of what the clergy are like, apart from the character of particular clergymen. We have most of us a confused conception of the clerical mind as something different from the lay mind. The clergyman is not looked at with any great favour, and he is popularly expected to be, among other things, unpractical, unbusinesslike, a bore, a busybody, a ten-table hero, grasping at small advantages, and apt to use small tricks in obtaining his ends. Ludicrous as this description is when applied to the best clergymen, whom we know to be educated men of sense and honour, or to simple, zealous, humble preachers of the Word, it has a sort of truth. The clerical mind is not, when at its worst, very unlike what unfavourable critics suppose it always to be. The clergy have a calling which, to a large degree, separates them from the rest of society, and the effect of this separation is not always to make them appear in a good light when they have to deal with ordinary affairs and ordinary men. Experience teaches us that the clergy are often difficult to get on with, both in business and in pleasure. Therefore the friends of the clergy cannot honestly assert that the notion of the clerical mind is altogether a wrong one; but they may point out that the clergy are, for the most part, exactly what from their circumstances it is unavoidable they should be, and that the weaknesses or faults of clergymen are, in the main, the results of their position, and not of any bad tendency, or of designs which we can fairly blame. It seems to us important that this should be pointed out, and that laymen should consider clergymen as people of an ordinary kind, exposed to special influences—and these the very influences which all agree are those to which clergymen ought most to be exposed, or which it is incontestable are forced upon the clergy by the unavoidable circumstances of their life.

In the first place, it is only fair to remember who the clergy are, and how they come to enter on their profession. For the most part, they are determined in their choice either by poverty or by a quiet amiability of character, which indisposes them to try the lottery of more open and active callings. The Church is the surest and best refuge of poor gentlefolk in England, and it is also the haven into which gentle and inoffensive youths are taught to steer their unpretending barks. The Church need not be ashamed of this. If Christianity does not feel a tenderness for honourable poverty and for the meek of the earth, it has changed its nature much for the worse. And although, happily, a large section of the English clergy still comes within the elevating influences of the Universities, yet it cannot be expected that any large proportion of the intellect of the country should find its way into the ranks of the clergy. And this becomes more unlikely year by year; for the current of intellectual opinion in England at present, though strongly in favour of the Church, yet runs in the

direction of a general acquiescence, and not of a detailed and special adherence. Practically it is found, as might have been expected, that men of high views and large thoughts, and who have minds capable of looking, as it were, above the region of doubts and differences, and whose consciences are free from morbid sensibility, are often quite willing to take orders, and do their part in the ministry of the Church. It is also found that there is a considerable body of well-informed, placid, and upright young men, but who have no impulse to think for themselves, and that they too are quite ready to be clergymen. But between these two classes come the mass of those whose presence or absence makes a profession intellectual or the reverse—men who have not attained to the serene heights of philosophical speculation, and who yet understand the general drift of such questions as theology raises, and who turn them over in their minds—men of no great mark, perhaps, but still able in some measure to judge for themselves. These men, as a rule, do not at present much fancy taking orders. It may be said that the Church can do very well without them, and that things can go on perfectly well if there is a body of honest, gentlemanly, and conscientious, if not clever, clergy under the rule of a few very superior leaders. We will not stop to discuss whether this is true or not; but, assuming it to be true, we may call on those who think it true not to blow hot and cold on the clergy at the same time. It is ludicrously unfair to expect the clergy to be businesslike, pre-eminent, and capable of guiding men in worldly matters, if they are thought especially adapted to their calling because they are quiet, unpretending people, content to go on humbly in the right way. Nor should it be forgotten that a youth spent in genteel poverty is itself a great hindrance to such of the clergy as have passed through it, when they come to deal in later life with the formidable difficulties of parish work. A boy who has been very pleased if the squire of his parish has occasionally asked, with good-humoured indifference, about his progress at school, is not unlikely, as a man, to shrink from opposition to an imperious landowner, and to quail even at the invective of an opulent tallow-chandler.

Then, again, it must be considered what the nature of a clergyman's calling really is. The very purpose for which he exists is to bring into the affairs of this world the thought of another world. He is there to remind all men that they are bad, and might be better, to teach them how they may be better, and to insist on a particular line of improvement being taken. It is true that all management of human affairs rests on a sort of compromise, and that, having to live on earth, we cannot affect to live as if the future were all, and the present nothing. Secular things must occupy the greater part of our attention; and although the religious spirit may be carried into the administration of secular things, yet we must make up our minds to do the best things very imperfectly, to meet people, as it is said, on their own ground, and to sacrifice many good objects that we think important. It is agreed that we are to be religious, but to keep religion in the background. Now it is the business of the clergyman to see that religion is not kept too much in the background, and therefore he is naturally led to force things on us that are more or less unwelcome. It is true that a man of tact can do this, and yet give substantial satisfaction. But it is absurd to expect every clergyman should be a man of tact. And whatever men think of habitually, so as to concentrate their feelings and interests in it, assumes to them such a degree of importance that they cannot look at it as those look at it who only regard it as one among many subjects of meditation. A clergyman, for example, looks at heresy in a different way from that in which most laymen regard it. It is something that cuts across the grain of his most cherished ideas. It is like what a very bad judgment is to a lawyer, or what a retreat "for strategic considerations" is to a soldier. The general public acknowledges that incompetent judges are great nuisances, and that ill-managed expeditions waste life and money. But it does not suffer the kind of professional and personal pain which the lawyer feels whose case is upset by the decision of a pompous incapable Vice-Chancellor, or which the soldier feels when he sees brave and disciplined troops sacrificed by the hesitation and timidity or rash interference of an Aulic Council. The pain which heresy gives many clergymen is, however, a pain of this kind, and because they feel it they are apt to be careless of the considerations of expediency, and often of common sense and common justice. It is the business of laymen to see that this feeling does not produce practical effects of too serious or too ludicrous a kind. But the feeling itself is one in the highest degree natural, and we may even term it, within certain limitations, in a high degree useful. Yet it necessarily places those who entertain it in a sort of antagonism with those who restrain and moderate it, and the latter rather unfairly think that all the trouble comes from the former. The truth is that both have their part. We want the fountain of rational piety to play, and the clergy are looked to for the water of zeal which lay art forces into the compass of a moderate jet.

Lastly, we ought, if we want to estimate the clergy fairly, to look at the lives they are obliged to lead. Five-sixths of their time, and very often a much larger proportion, is spent in the company of women. Clergymen are, whether they like it or not, obliged to be always "keeping company" with modified intensity, but on a very large scale. The men, if there are any in the parish, either go away to their business or their pleasure; or, if they stay at home, are not ordinarily inclined to occupy themselves much with the details of parochial work. But the women are always at hand, and are always ready to help the

clergyman. He can give them occupation; he can give them matter for conversation; he can give them the interest of mutual confidence. There is no harm in all this, or as little as it is possible in the nature of things that there should be. The intercourse between an English clergyman and his female parishioners is of the most innocent and honourable kind. During the short space in which the ladies have not determined his ultimate destiny, he of course flirts as any other nice young man thrown constantly among nice young women is sure to do. But that is all; and most clergymen are protected by their honour, as well as principle, from seeking to cultivate dangerous intimacies. Therefore it is not in the very slightest degree said in disparagement, either of clergymen or of ladies, that they are thrown much together. But all people grow like those with whom they live; and it is only what we might expect when we find in clergymen those habits which make it so difficult to conduct business with ladies. There is the same disposition to discuss irrelevant points, the same love of repeating every story straight from the beginning, the same tendency to consider that to restate opinions supposed to be arguments is to prove their truth, the same liability to be 5/1. wrong in an account, all the items of which they know to be correct. Thus the clergy appear, to those who judge them hastily and harshly, to be always getting into little scrapes; and as they throw themselves into the schemes which they start with a religious zeal, and sometimes with a feminine impetuosity and feebleness of purpose, they occasionally give the impression of wishing to compass ends of their own, and to force their will on their parishioners. Then, when they meet resistance, their native turn of thought, and the influence of the gentle society they frequent, not seldom incline them to shrink from open hostility, while their principles forbid them altogether to abandon their aim. Thus, an impression of a want of straightforwardness is sometimes given, of which they themselves are not the least conscious, for the simple reason that they are not conscious of having used any artifice. This gives offence to severe and unreflecting critics, but it is very easily to be accounted for when we think of all the circumstances under which a clergyman practically acts. We may even wonder that men of a retiring and inactive turn of mind—often bowed down in youth by the pressure of struggling gentility, accustomed to let their thoughts dwell on another world, and living almost entirely among women—are still so sensible and intelligent a body as the clergy of the Church of England, on the whole, may be said to be. They surpass rather than fall below reasonable expectations, and we may safely attribute this to the character of the institution to which they belong, and to the happy multiplicity of ties by which, under the English system, the clergy are throughout life connected with the laity.

#### JEALOUSY.

OF all the bad passions which have a local habitation and a name—the *entrée*, let us call it—in polite society, jealousy is perhaps the one which obtains the cheapest notoriety, and enjoys the widest privileges, combined with the meanest and most mischievous character. No imputation is more frequently or more carelessly made—made in every variety of key, from the grave to the gay, upon every variety of subject, with every variety of application—no imputation short of positive crime is thought by others to be more comparatively harmless to the person upon whom it falls, and none, perhaps, is more effectually offensive and annoying to people of any magnanimity of mind or any delicacy of feeling—than that of being jealous. It is a remarkable peculiarity, too, that jealousy is generally deemed injurious to a person's character in proportion to the insignificance of its subject-matter. Mr. Disraeli would probably be much more annoyed at being told that he is jealous of Mr. Gladstone's Latin quotations, or his superior knowledge of Greek, than that Mr. Gladstone's budgets are the cause of his jealousy. Another peculiarity is, that of all the clouds that can be artificially thrown upon the sunny side of any man's nature, the insinuation of jealousy seems to be that which leaves him most helpless to defend himself. He may, indeed, scorn the imputation. He may feel that it is absolutely untrue. But the grounds of the accusation are commonly too impalpable to admit of proof or disproof, and, like all impalpable data, only act as a temptation for others to use them to illustrate and adorn their own penetration and sagacity, or to shield the indulgence of their malice. Hence the frequency and impunity of a charge which can be fastened upon almost every conceivable word, look, or action; and hence, too, the impotent irritation to which it gives rise, for our irritation is always in the direct ratio of our impotence to escape from what we dislike. Thus, where a dozen other vices will be inexorably tabooed, and their very names ostentatiously ignored, jealousy will be permitted to meander in, and flaunt her dragged skirt through the magic circle, dirtying one man's boots, brushing another man's nose, catching this woman's sleeve, and tearing that woman's petticoat. Yet no one seems to stir; every one is victimized, and every one seems to do his best to gulp his anger and take it all for granted. It should also be said, that there is no vice to which the coarser—that is to say, larger—section of womankind appeal more naturally, or with more versatile dexterity, whenever they wish to asperse and to disturb their enemies, or to flatter and fawn upon their friends. Indeed, amid the disgust which these little manoeuvres have a necessary tendency to excite in more refined minds, it is impossible

to be lost in admiration at the ingenuity and sagacity with which some women will contrive to make the jealousy of other people universally subservient to their own advancement, and to their pet design of ruling by division. A couple of coarse, disappointed, garrison flirts, hating all the world, have been known to set half a county by the ears by industriously whispering on their visits from one house to another, that the house they left behind is jealous of the house at which they arrived—"so very sad, you know"—jealous of the crockery, jealous of the furniture, jealous of the horses, jealous of the carriages, jealous of the children, jealous of everything. These female slanderers thus hoped to raise themselves in the estimation of those whom they successively flattered, at the trifling and innocent expense of dirtying them all a little in succession; and, for a time, their malignant industry was crowned with success, in spite of the all but universal contempt in which they themselves were held by their unconscious victims.

Jealousy is apparently so often confounded with envy, that it may be interesting to examine the difference between them. Envy may be said to be a centrifugal, jealousy a centripetal, feeling. Envy works outwards, and would, if it could, seek external satisfaction in the possession of an object. Jealousy turns inwards and feeds upon itself, even in the absence of any definite object of desire. Envy may covet an object, yet not grudge the possessor. Jealousy may grudge the possessor without coveting the object. Thus men are often known to be jealous on account of a woman for whom they never did or no longer care. Envy does not necessarily imply any comparison of self with another, nor is it necessarily accompanied with mortification. Jealousy is essentially founded upon such a comparison, and generally involves a latent sense of shame, which is sometimes felt to be just and sometimes not. Envy ranges between simple desire—at which point, indeed, it is not envy at all—through covetousness, up to jealousy. And thus jealousy and the mere desire of possession may be termed the extreme limits between which envy oscillates. Jealousy, on the other hand, ranges between emulation and malignity. In its more elementary forms, approaching to simple desire, envy may belong to an ardent and sanguine character. In its more elementary forms, approaching to simple emulation, jealousy may belong to a high and ambitious character, and is rather a virtue, so long as he who emulates another emulates the *deed* and grudges not the *man*, looking upon the doer more as an instrument whereby to test the limits of his own or other men's proficiency, than as a rival to be set aside, or an obstacle shutting out the sun. Emulation of this kind loves the man out of admiration for the deed, and is attracted by love and sympathy for the thing done, independently of the person who does it. Jealousy hates and grudges the man from the same cause. But there is in jealousy a positive and a negative element, which differ very widely, and enter in very different degrees in different persons. There is the jealousy which grudges the man, and there is the jealousy which looks with dread upon his advantages as sources of disadvantage and danger to itself, and only on that account dislikes the man. This difference varies greatly at different times of life, and according to the different ideals which shape men's thoughts. A lover may be jealous of his rival from the ardour of his feeling, or from the dread of losing the coveted object of his aspirations. But he may also be jealous from pique, from the fear of ridicule, from a variety of artificial motives, and not from any great hatred of his rival. A politician may be jealous of another politician's fame for its own fair sake. But his jealousy may be totally independent of the ideal fame, and grow simply out of the worldly wisdom which dreads the evils incident to inferiority—loss of place, loss of money, loss of consideration, loss of comfort. And this is more especially the case in later life. Moreover, the passage from emulation to jealousy is promoted and rendered easy in proportion to the activity of the community and to the ambition of its members. Great activity involves great emulation, great emulation and great ambition go hand in hand, ambition begets the spirit of comparison, and the spirit of invidious comparison is the true parent of jealousy.

If this principle is true, it will be found to explain a fact which, we fancy, must be familiar to Englishmen who have had the opportunity of studying foreign life with any minuteness, and that is, the much larger proportion in which jealousy enters into English life, as compared with what it does abroad. The comparison of our countrymen in this respect with other Europeans gives rise to many curious considerations. The first thing which strikes an Englishman on his return to England is the vast and all-pervading activity of this country in comparison with foreign countries. The men, the women, the horses, the cabs and omnibuses, the railways, seem to be possessed with an absorbing activity. Another thing, but one which strikes a foreigner more particularly, is the comparative independence in which each Englishman seems to live from every other Englishman—the absence of those close and dependent intimacies between man and man which seem an almost necessary element of foreign life. This forcibly struck the keen penetration of Niebuhr on his first visit to England. No doubt the fact is so, and no doubt it grows partly out of the freedom of our institutions, but in a greater measure, probably, out of the infinitely greater activity of the great bulk of our community. In a life of action, of strong purposes, of arduous undertakings, in a country whose national amusements are hunting, shooting, cricketing—not to mention the ring—absorbing intimacies have, as a rule, no time to take root. This common life of strained action and emulation is necessarily one



that at every turn suggests both matter and motive for the spirit of comparison, which lies at the root of jealousy. Primogeniture, moreover, acts as a localizing and intensifying force to this morbid spirit all over the country. The consequence is, that the feeling of jealousy is developed in a thousand minute forms throughout English society to an extent hardly dreamt of abroad. But it may be objected, that Spanish jealousy, for instance, has passed into a byword, and at first sight it may seem that the Spaniards bear the palm in their indulgence of the vice. Indeed, it seems never to occur to any one that jealousy is the English social vice *par excellence*. But, if we are not mistaken, Spanish jealousy establishes the principle we have laid down. For in Spain jealousy springs out of that pursuit which chiefly engrosses the life of the nation—the pursuit of love and gallantry; and the Spaniards would scarcely understand being jealous of furniture, or equipages, or houses, or accomplishments. Jealousy of this kind they would think degrading, and beneath the soul of a gentleman. We are, of course, far from affirming that jealousy, in other matters than love, plays no part in foreign life. We desire to point to the fact that the part it plays in such matters is very much less, and also that where we find it more than usually prevalent, it arises out of the same principle—general attention concentrated on a common pursuit, or upon common advantages resulting from different but ardent pursuits, begetting a reflex spirit of invidious comparison, alien and hostile to the enjoyment of life for its own sake. Thus the jealousy of mothers and daughters in the English marriage market is out of all proportion to any jealousy arising out of the passion of love, because love, as a pursuit, in England bears no proportion to the pursuit of matrimony. Again, the excessive activity of English life, while it tends to define the limits and enforce the rules, also tends to diminish the intensity, of English friendship, and friendship plays an important part in balancing the effects of jealousy. Englishmen pride themselves, and with reason, on the sincerity of their friendships. But, on the whole, it must be admitted that sentiment and friendship play a far larger part abroad—in French life, for instance—and jealousy a part so much the less. The causes which promote the exercise and cultivation of friendship diminish those of jealousy; and, as a rule, sincere love and affection take pride in a friend's advantages, and seek to vindicate themselves by establishing our friend's claims to be loved and admired. In such cases, jealousy seems to take the form of zeal for the reputation of a friend, and to grow into a sort of reflex self-love, and an almost personal vanity in displaying the merits of the person who enjoys our friendship.

Jealousy acts very differently upon different characters. In coarser and more vulgar natures it acts as a stimulus to push and elbow other people out of the way. Such persons are like jealous pointers, who run in and scare the game, rather than point behind another dog. It is observable, too, that they are apt to try to make themselves agreeable in proportion to their jealousy. When their jealousy is satisfied, they relapse into carelessness, and are content to fall into the shade. People of this sort have few scruples as to the means they adopt to supplant a rival or to remove an obstacle. Their jealousy acts like the unconsciously distilling virus of the snake, that instinctively seeks an outlet, and, as it secretes, raises and stimulates all the faculties of the animal. They use the blacking brush freely, deny good qualities, attribute bad ones, misconstrue actions, reconstruct people's lives to suit their own purpose, and having done all this, as soon as their poison is spent and their constitution relieved of its jealousy, they forget what they have done and said, and hold out the hand of cordiality to the object of their previous attacks, as if he or she were a totally different person. There are, we believe, a large number of people who in their jealous fits do and say things of which in the sequel they barely retain a very faint consciousness. In more refined natures jealousy acts otherwise. It seems to produce a certain reserve, an invincible obstacle to rushing into the foreground, a tendency to hang back, a delicacy in speaking of a rival, or a great fear of pronouncing an adverse criticism, lest criticism should imply a personal feeling other than a pure exercise of judgment. To minds so constituted the feeling of jealousy is painful and degrading. They seek by all means in their power to escape from it as one which abridges their inward liberty of liking and disliking things and persons on their own merits, and their outward liberty of expressing their opinions with loyalty, and crippling their enjoyment of life by, as it were, shutting out a certain portion of sun and air. Such minds, however, seem to be even more liable to a form of jealousy which, with all the outward symptoms of jealousy, is only a sham form of it, and consists only in the fear of being thought jealous; for they are so sensitive on this score, where they see an evident inclination to consider them to be jealous on the part of malicious observers, that they are mesmerized into the very behaviour they wish to avoid—the moodiness, the reticence, the apparent ill-nature. This is a weakness to which persons of great knowledge of the world, combined with proud and over-sensitive dispositions, are especially exposed, for their experience only sharpens their perspicacity to discern what other men's possible thoughts may be; and even when they know these thoughts to be only plausible, their sensitiveness prevents them from breaking through imaginary but not the less substantial trammels. It might indeed, at first sight, be imagined that jealousy must be equally disagreeable to all who suffer from it. But this is really not so. We know persons belonging to the former class which we have described—namely, the coarser, more vulgar natures—who in candid moments honestly avow that the sentiment of jealousy is, on the whole, an agreeable one. A lady

once described it as producing a feeling of all-overishness, a kind of general moral electricity and titillation of all the moral pores, which was, take it all in all, delightful. Of course, in these cases, the sense of the moral degradation of jealousy does not and cannot exist. Such people can barely rise beyond the confines where physical feeling passes into moral perception. They are only conscious of a blind physical impulse to do all the mischief they can, and, having done it, they rest in peace and torpor.

But it may be thought that degradation is a word too strong and too cynical to be justly applied to a feeling which is so common, and in the great majority of cases so harmless. Perhaps it is; but that the charge of jealousy is felt by a certain class of sensitive minds to be a personal insult and degradation put upon them is unquestionable, and it is worth while to inquire into the latent causes of their sensitiveness. And first, it is plain that jealousy implies injustice or incapacity. For, if he who is jealous can surpass him of whom he is jealous, and neglects to do so, his jealousy is unjust. But if, in spite of all his efforts, he fail to surpass him, then he is relatively so far incapable. A successful rival may be imagined to say to his antagonist, If you can please Miss Smith better than I can, or if you can make a more popular speech, or if you can write a better book, or paint a better picture, or build a better bridge, or start a better company, then pray do so, and spare me your jealousy. This standing and insuperable dilemma between injustice and incapacity is not very agreeable to a delicate mind. Again, jealousy implies churlishness, a niggardly, ungenerous spirit of detraction, a dog-in-the-manger disposition to grudge other people's advantages, an inability to enjoy good qualities, and great achievements, and good things generally, for their own sake. It implies want of sociability, the very essence of which consists in making not the least, but the most of others—which finds its satisfaction precisely in proportion to the excellence and distinction of those with whom we associate. This, again, implies a malformation of mind—an internal curvature of the mental spine upon itself, causing an inward squint, whereby everything is referred with a malignant distortion to self. Hence, a spirit of moral selfishness which conceives the whole universe to exist for itself, and vents itself in malignant rebellion wherever things or men run counter to this preconception. But the most peculiar aspect of the vice involved in jealousy is the ideal sacrifice of all the ends to the means of human existence. He who is jealous virtually wishes, if his wish could be realized, to rob the world of part of its wealth. For that of which he is jealous must, in his apprehension, be something good, and so much added to the general moral or physical wealth and well-being of the world—so much added to the potential enjoyment, or capacity for enjoyment, of all its members. We are talking here, not of jealousy in matters of love merely, but in matters of general competition. Jealousy would blot any addition out that did not leave itself supreme—thus acting, in a fashion, as a kind of protective moral tariff in favour of self against the free trade of all the world, as if, for instance, the moon should petition to get rid of the sun because its light is greater than that of the moon. The selfishness of jealousy is, therefore, also imbecile. Thus he who is accused of being jealous is really charged with injustice, incapacity, churlishness, unsociability, and malignant selfishness and imbecility—all of which he feels, more or less dimly, to be implied in the imputation, just in proportion to the delicacy of his perception. No wonder, then, that the accusation, though apparently harmless, should often prove a keen source of annoyance.

Nevertheless, as jealousy is of all the passions the only one which is in its foundation illogical, so it is capable of being cured by reflection and reason, which are its true antidotes. A man may so discuss and analyse the absurdity of his jealousy as to dispel it, as he would dispel a nightmare, simply by opening his eyes. For if he is in love, and the person whom he loves loves him, there is no room for jealousy. If she does not love him, the very foundation is cut from beneath his feeling, inasmuch as the free reciprocity of her feeling is the one and sole thing which, if he is really in love, he desires. If he is not really in love, his jealousy is simply ridiculous. So again, in the different departments of achievement, as in literature, science, and the arts, jealousy becomes ridiculous when we consider that, strictly speaking, if the ideal of fame be the real motive of jealousy, jealousy of the dead should be even greater than jealousy of the living, and that, to gratify the feeling, every great name in history must be adjusted to a scale of comparison with our own, and all the greater ones struck off the roll. If, however, the ideal of fame be not the source of the jealousy, but the consequences of fame, riches, comfort, and reputation, then he who is jealous is potentially no better than a thief or a robber, for he would, if he could, and if he carried out his feeling, deprive other men of their most legitimate and most honourable property. When a man of ordinary feeling realizes clearly that his jealousy is either ridiculous or assimilates him to the thief, he is very near getting rid of it. There are, indeed, forms of jealousy which rather adorn than detract from the character. The jealousy of Jean Valjean for Cosette is one of the ex-convict's most touching features. The very selfishness of his love for the child was as the purification of his old age. He was unjust to Marius; but his injustice was almost redeemed by his unspotted devotion to the orphan under his fatherly care. It would seem as if the jealousy of a great-hearted parent over a beloved and solitary child were the purest elevation which the vice can attain. But a vice it remains under every disguise, for it is founded on the desire to have that freely which it seeks to carry captive by violence, and it is thus, of all

the passions, that which in its essence rests upon a logical contradiction. Hence, perhaps, the tortures to which it gives rise.

#### OXFORD LEGISLATION.

IT is just at this moment in its judicial character that the University of Oxford is drawing to itself the largest share of public attention; but the ceaseless activity of its rulers in the work of legislation is enough to strike those who look at it with greater amazement still. Since the great change which was made nine years back in the constitution of the University, the process of statute-making and statute-tinkering seems never to have ceased for a moment. Every week, at the least, the University Intelligence announces some change or other made or to be made. One has hardly time to make up one's mind whether the changes are great or small, good or bad, simply because they are too many to follow. In the shape in which they are announced to the world at large, including the vast mass of those who have the final power of deciding upon them, they appear absolutely without explanation, often absolutely without meaning. When there was something to vote upon once in a year or two, men interested in their University got up the questions, formed an opinion, and often went up and gave their votes. Now that there is something to vote about every week, no man but those on the spot can profess to keep pace with the work of legislation, and consequently, it is seldom that any but those on the spot vote at all.

The effect of the University Reform Bill, as regards University legislation, has been very singular. In the old state of things, the power of statute-making was vested solely in the Convocation—the General Assembly of Doctors and Masters, resident and non-resident. But custom rather than law had cut down the functions of Convocation to saying yea or nay to the proposals of the Heads of Houses, assembled in that famous Hebdomadal Board which became a proverb for every quality which should not distinguish any legislative or administrative body. Convocation itself, too, was a very unfit body for the purpose. That its mere numbers would have hindered regular deliberation is not quite certain. The Popular Assembly at Athens was more numerous, and yet it deliberated. But then, the Athenian Assembly was, by its frequent meetings, accustomed to deliberate; it heard both sides, and the great body of its members were at or near home. The Oxford Convocation assembled but rarely, and its members were generally anxious to get home again; where there was no power of amendment, and all speaking was in Latin, there was, practically, no debate; and fastidious gentlemen, who had never met the real *Demos* face to face, were apt to speak of the venerable Assembly as a mob. Certain it is that, out of three thousand graduates scattered all over the world, a vast proportion were utterly unfit for the work of legislation. But, perhaps, strictly legislative work was less affected by their unfitness than was sometimes assumed in the controversies of the time. At elections, and on all questions where theological or political passions came in, the effect of the vast numbers and of the incapacity of so large a portion, was clearly seen. That is to say, an Oxford Convocation was much like a public meeting anywhere else, with the difference that, elsewhere, one side only either speaks or votes, while at Oxford both sides voted, and very often neither side spoke. But real legislation was commonly left by the zealots to residents and to those non-residents who took a real interest in the matter. The danger, however, still remained, that, in the utter uncertainty of attendance, an active whip could, if he thought good, bring up enough country voters to turn any question any way.

Possibly the best reform would have been to have wholly recast the constitution of Convocation—to have at once lessened its numbers and raised its character, by fixing some qualification higher than that of merely passing the easy examination for a common degree. Such a change, strictly conservative in principle, would have been violent in detail, and would have involved some practical difficulties; it therefore met with little favour at the hands of any party. Convocation was left as it was, with its constitution and its powers unaltered; but the Initiative Board was improved—we may safely say improved, as any change must have been for the better—and a new body was interposed between it and Convocation. Every measure, before it reaches Convocation, must go through Congregation; and Congregation, as the Act finally passed, means the whole body of residents and next to nobody else. Non-resident Professors and Examiners, indeed, have votes, but so small a class is hardly worth counting. Now it is to this body, whether such was the intention of Parliament or not, that the Act has practically transferred the legislation of the University. It would be very difficult, especially while legislation is so constant, to call up Convocation to reverse a decision of Congregation by throwing out a measure which Congregation had accepted. Doubtless much trouble and excitement is saved by this; the University is spared those inroads of country clergymen of which we used to hear such pathetic accounts. The present process of legislation is better than the old one in another way. Under the old system, nothing was really debated, while now everything is, in Congregation, fairly discussed in English. It would be better still if Congregation could really amend, instead of its members simply suggesting amendments to the Hebdomadal Council. Still we may doubt whether Congregation is, after all, a body to whom it is well that the legislation of the University should be in practice wholly entrusted. It consists of all residents, qualified and unqualified. "Chaplains, bedels, and idlers,"

—to quote an expression much canvassed some years back—to say nothing of the Heads of Houses and the clergy of the city, vote as the equals of the most active Professors and the most earnest students. The opinion of resident Oxford is always worth having on any Oxford question, but it may well be doubted whether it ought to be absolutely decisive of every question. A Congregation of residents includes many unqualified persons, and excludes many well qualified persons. To live within a mile and a half of Carfax is no guaranty for judgment in University affairs, and even a more select Congregation, such as was originally proposed by the Act, would have been, in some degree, at once narrow and fluctuating. An assembly of residents is apt to consist, in too large a degree, of heavy Dons at the one end, and of men without experience at the other. It must, in the nature of things, become too local; it must represent too exclusively the opinion of a particular place at a particular time. By excluding all non-residents without exception, it cuts off from all influence in the University the most valuable class which the University contains. It can hardly be doubted that the opinions best worth having on University matters are those of men who, having taken University honours, having filled University or College offices, have left the University for other walks of life, and who have thus a twofold experience, which is not shared either by those who have never resided or by those who have always resided. It is this class which, by its writings and by its distinctions in various ways, really keeps up the credit of the University with the world. But in Congregation this class has no representatives, except when a man who has left the University returns to it as a Head or Professor. A Professor is doubtless a different matter; but when a man, whatever he is or has been, once becomes a Head of a House, experience shows that there is no more hope for him. Putting aside, then, a few returned Professors, Congregation is a purely local body. Possibly it is, as such, all the more liable to some kinds of external influences, but it has very little opportunity of judging how its measures really act on the external world. The scholars, statesmen, lawyers, practical men of various kinds, who are the real glory of the University, are cut off from all share in University affairs, except what is equally open to every man who has contrived, after what number of plucks it does not matter, to work his way to a Bachelor's degree.

We do not know how far the wonderful legislative activity of the University is to be directly attributed to the change in its constitution, or whether it is merely a reaction from the state of things in the old Hebdomadal days. The state of things in those days was a normal state of torpor, diversified by an occasional theological battle, or now and then by some fundamental change, like the complete recasting of the whole system of examinations. Now-a-days, there is some small change almost weekly—some detail of the examinations to be altered, the regulations of some scholarship to be recast, something or other to be made better or worse, as it may happen. We cannot think that this is a healthy state of things. Undoubtedly, the Parliamentary change in the constitution of the University involved, and indeed suggested, a good deal of further change by the authority of the University itself. But that is now nearly nine years ago; and there has been ample time for making every improvement which the passing of the Act rendered necessary. After such an interval, the new system should be no longer on its trial—it should be actually at work. The year 1854 was a year of academical revolution, but by 1863 the revolutionary period ought to have passed away, and the reformed University ought to have settled down into its regular course. Yet we still see the University busily engaged in a series of changes so constant and so minute as to baffle all who have not themselves a hand in making them. Now we cannot think it right that a University should be always trying experiments upon its course of study. The great change in the examinations made in 1849-50 was surely enough for one generation. That system was the subject of much discussion at the time, and objections were raised against some of its parts, which experience seems to have confirmed. By this time, the system ought to be in full operation, and in a state to give an opportunity for passing a deliberate judgment on its working. But it is not too much to say that the system has never had fair play. A system of examinations, when once established, should be left for a good while to come to the practical good sense of well-chosen Examiners. Such a system is the last thing in the world on which speculative reformers should be allowed to be always trying their itching fingers. Such a system is much too serious a thing to the University and to the nation for every busy spirit who gets a seat in the Hebdomadal Council to think he must signalize his term of office by making some change or other. But this is just what has been going on ever since the new system has been set at work. Changes have been constantly proposed; some have been rejected, and others have been carried. Now, when we remember that the examinations for the degree are, as far as the mass of the members are concerned, the very essence of the whole University system, it cannot be desirable that they should be perpetually under discussion, and should never be left to enjoy a few years' quiet working. It is certain that the new system itself, with its excessive multiplication of examinations and honours, tended a good deal to diminish both the value and the significance of University distinctions. Everybody knew what the old "first class" meant, and what it was worth; but under the present system, a "first class" may mean any one of several different things, of widely different values. And every change, every reposal of change, tends to throw additional uncertainty over the system,



and thereby to detract something more from its credit. The student cannot be certain whether what he is reading, or the tutor whether what he is teaching, will be the right thing a year hence. Even the Examiner cannot tell whether what he is prepared to examine in will be of any use, or whether he may not be suddenly set to examine in something quite alien to the recognized objects of his school. We must remind amateur reformers that University studies and examinations are far too serious matters to be made playthings of, and that neither students, tutors, nor examiners are such *corpora vilia* that it will do to try every experiment of the moment upon them without notice or reason.

We purposely refrain at present from entering on the merits of any particular changes or proposed changes. What we object to is this reckless habit of constant tinkering by amateur hands. If the University deliberately decides that the system of 1849-50, with its additional schools and multiplied examinations, has proved a failure, that is another thing. For our own part, we see many weak points in that system; but we doubt whether it has had thorough fair play; and we doubt still more whether a recasting of it while the present legislative mania lasts would be likely to make it better. It is worth noticing that those who opposed its introduction fourteen years back, though experience has rather confirmed than refuted their objections, are not those who are always hewing and hacking at it now. Fairly beaten in a fair struggle, they have accepted the new state of things, and have tried to make the best of it. Successive Examiners have done something in the way of improvement; had they been let alone, they might have done something more. The cry for further changes comes from those who were favourable to the great change. When the present reforming itch has passed away, a sober reconsidering of the whole matter would be very desirable; but a partial change, or the discussion of a partial change, once a term or oftener, only tends to hold up the University as a body which does not know its own mind for a year together, to make the nature of University studies utterly uncertain, and so to make both degrees and higher honours less intelligible, and therefore less valuable, in the eyes both of old Oxford men and of the world in general.

#### CHOICE.

THERE is surely a benignant fallacy in the notion that possesses men, of their unlimited powers of choice. The language of courtesy assumes, of all persons with whom one has polite relations, that they have a constant choice of eligible alternatives. Men are supposed to choose their wives—even young women their husbands—to choose, that is, from among many. A gentleman of pure African descent, educated, but coal-black, was one of a company where the position of the Prince of Wales became the topic of conversation. Others descanted on the more brilliant features of his lot. Pity, evidently genuine, was the sole feeling inspired in the negro listener. The Prince had only six ladies to choose from; he spoke as if, in his own more fortunate case, the world lay all before him where to choose. And Charles Lamb, in his splenetic paper on the insolence of young married women, claims for the bachelor such width and continual exercise of conscious choice, that he holds him as rejecting every single woman to whom he does not make an offer of his hand. It contributes to people's happiness and self-respect to have a sense of wide active choice. The slightest conscious restriction hampers and irritates; but except in moral choice—the election between good and evil perpetually carried on within us—with which we are not here engaged, it is an effort of mind which ordinary life, sensibly conducted, offers fewer opportunities for than are assumed. Men are not often brought face to face with an important choice, and in fact live very contentedly under obligations that leave no room for one. The more people exercise reason and judgment, the less choice they perceive themselves to have in matters of every day experience. Thus, if a man has to furnish his house, it indefinitely limits his choice to know what he wants; and good taste still further restricts his field; for choice implies some degree of acceptance, or, at least, toleration, of two or more objects. The reason why some people hang suspended in helpless uncertainty before a hundred possibilities, thinking that they are choosing, is constantly that they cannot collect their thoughts or master the position sufficiently for the preliminaries of a reasonable judgment. The moment this is formed, it is not that they choose, but that they awake to the fact that there is only one rational decision open to them, and that all the rest are mere gross and palpable temptations.

In the ordinary conduct of life, it is constantly found what meaningless phrases are choice of society, choice of a profession, choice of time, place and habits; though it softens the bitterness of necessity to have a lip familiarity with the words, whether unconsciously, as adopting the prevailing idiom, or consciously, like Beau Tibbs, who chose to live in a garret for the sake of the view. In choosing a wife or a husband, the affections, in a right state of things, constitute this compulsion, rendering the idea of choice irrelevant. The heart does not ring with a full clear sound whenever there can be dispassionate choice in this matter. "Chance" and not choice, Dr. Johnson says, "gives a man a partner whom he prefers to all other women, without any proof of superior desert." So it was meant to be. The Cælebs engaged in choosing a wife is a prig, or the victim of a hard necessity; and the woman who, in our state of society, has two lovers

to choose from at the same moment, in spite of the glory attributed to the position by novelists and young ladies, is probably a flirt, or has behaved like one, and has more cause for shame than triumph. The eminence is won at some expense of simple honesty and honour. And even where there is ample excuse, as in the case of beauties and heiresses, the power of choice among many is so contrary to what is right and natural that choosing here proverbially means choosing the worst.

In cases which seem to depend solely on our own will, it is often curious to see how choice flies us—how some unexpected hindrance or defect in ourselves baulks expectation. A man, for example, of a literary turn, with leisure, independence, and all the necessary qualifications, wishes to put his thoughts and experience in some durable shape. His information is general, his observation has been wide—he has only to choose a subject for his book. But to his own surprise he finds that he has no choice. One subject, and that he is aware not a popular subject, one he cannot hope to persuade many to care for, is already master of the field and will keep foremost. His thoughts have a bent apart from the inclination of the whole man. He feels as if he could not help himself, and the idea of choice is postponed to the next attempt. Criticism always goes on the assumption of free choice on the part of the criticized. Thus, the plot of a tale or drama is exposed for its errors, shortcomings, absurdities. The work has merit, but the author ought to have chosen his incidents, his characters, his situations with more judgment; more pains, more thought, more weighing and deliberation would have mended everything, and set all right. The author possibly agrees with every word, but he feels as if he had had no choice. The story and the personages arranged themselves somehow. He does not see how he could have managed differently. No writer is quite, and in every sense, master of his pen. And even in conversation it is often curious to observe how hard a matter choice is. There are generally one or two topics that circumstances bring uppermost, which a man, a circle, naturally hits upon first. If anything renders these natural self-suggesting topics unsuitable or unsafe, how hard is the choice of a subject, how distractedly and blindly the mind feels about for some substitute, and how unfortunately will the obvious but discarded theme obtrude itself again and again, till there seems nothing in the world to say but just what ought not to be said; while it is observable that, once in this predicament, it is chance and not choice that gets us out of it! Even in such matters as the scene of an excursion or the naming of a child, where our field of selection seems literally without bounds, we presently find a thousand limitations to our assumed liberty, till we feel hemmed in, and are amazed at the smallness of our choice after all.

Those are not the most comfortable people to live with who will not recognise these restrictions—who regard private life as a theatre for the constant exercise of choice in domestic fundamentals, and will not consent to consider any decision permanent or lifted from the balance of reconsideration—who admit no precedents, who reflect each morning at what hours they shall eat and drink, who bring upon the tapis as an ever new subject for consideration and choice how the day is to be spent, what church they shall go to, what newspaper they shall take in.

He lives by rule who lives himself to please.

And to be able to regard some things as certain and removed from the thought of change and choice is as necessary for the comfort of social communities as for the individual. For the exercise of choice ought to be, and is to most people, a fatigue, an effort of the mind; and to be always frittering it away in settling matters which best settle themselves is to become tedious, eccentric, frivolous, thus vitiating the discernment for those real occasions of choice which some time or other present themselves to every man. The state of indecision in which some people live may be called a morbid exercise of choice. There are persons who never seem to have quite made up their minds which leg to stand upon—who deliberate in an agony of choice when not a grain's weight depends on the decision, on the question what road to walk on, what chair to sit down upon, what bundle of hay to munch first. The way to cure this disease is by external applications—that is, by feigning a choice, though there be none—by pronouncing authoritatively for port or claret, the leg or the wing, while the soul and intellect are still all in tumult and confusion about the matter.

To all appearance, men are allowed a wider field of choice than formerly, and it opens to them earlier. At one time, parents chose everything for their children from a profession to a wife, perhaps laying their life out for them before they were born. Now, choice is recognised as an educator; and, in fact, it is a great part of training to teach how to choose and what are fit subjects for choice. One does not know which is most mischievous—never to allow a choice at all, or to force responsibility prematurely before the mind can command the data for a true decision, when the crude judgment must come to a conclusion either on no reason at all, or a wrong one. It often happens to a young man, because he is promising, to have to choose his line too early; and, for ultimate success, he can scarcely be visited by a greater misfortune. Precocious talent, combining with circumstances, sometimes produces a youth of brilliant maturity remarkable for seeming vigour of choice, and the end is almost certainly a manhood of indecision and failure. Ability to choose is power and genius. There is, indeed, something god-like in the constant,

wise exercise of free will and selection—so much so that the supremest instances in sacred or profane story of wise choice cannot keep up the strain. That mythical personage, the true hero, is ever choosing his course. Great captains and statesmen, however really victims of accident, are popularly supposed—as holding our destinies in their hands—to be doing the same; and it may be granted that the degree in which men exercise choice, and the objects on which they exercise it, make the difference between great and little lives. But the hindrances to this exercise, in most minds, are innumerable. Habit, prejudice, foregone conclusions, are, of course, among the first of these. People are so slow to perceive their responsibilities, to catch the critical moment when choice was open to them, that the course they are in carries them past it unobserved through its own impetus. It is a curious and not always pleasant speculation to look back and note when those occasions presented themselves where we might have exercised a choice to which we were blind at the time. No doubt this very preparedness is a sign of genius, and distinguishes one soul from another. In fact, whatever afterthought may tell us, no man can be said to have had a choice if he did not know that he had one; and persons in bondage to prejudice and circumstances never do. There is even a fine, dogged, half-stupid sense of duty which sometimes holds people in this unconsciousness. They go on in a course not really obligatory, because it never occurs to them that they have a choice. Mr. Trollope argues that, whatever the issue of the contest, the Americans had no choice but to go to war; that there are losing games which must be played at whatever cost; and that all the blood and suffering were consequently inevitable, because a nation cannot stop in its course and face a critical decision. The poor rustic, with his nine shillings a week, never recognises that he has any other choice than the proverbial Hobson's—his present wages or nothing—or, at any rate, his ill-paid labours or enlisting; therefore, he has no choice. He never sees the moment, which does present itself to such as can discern it, of escape from drudgery to a new life of change and adventure. He knows nothing of the choice that education and intercourse would bring before him, revealing to his quickened capacity an alternative which, until he is fit for it, he had, perhaps, best not attempt to realize.

We have spoken of indecision—of persons helpless when called upon in the most insignificant matters to make an instantaneous choice; but we cannot, therefore, sympathize with some who value themselves on their readiness in this particular—who boast of always being able to make up their minds on the spot. It is very pleasant to be able to settle everything on the instant, if we settle right, but judgment and deliberation have their parts to play in our affairs. When we have to choose at all, it is seldom that all our grounds for choice lie on the surface or immediately within reach. We do not observe that it is the fullest minds that find their way to a choice quickest; nor does it always prove that it was the best choice because the chooser remains satisfied with it. Indeed, it is one property of learning and knowledge to hold men's judgment in suspense until every contingency has been passed in review. Such habitual promptness as reason sanctions is, however, indispensable to those crowning efforts of rapid decision—that is, choice of alternatives—which we call presence of mind, and without which courage is often useless. In a great fire, a lady, conscious of having much valuable property in her room, rushed back to save what she could. There was money, there were jewels, and other fine things. By desperate exertions she reached the spot; and at length emerged from the smoke and flame panting and breathless, convulsively clasping in her hands—a small-tooth comb. The power to choose in the last moment had deserted her, leaving us to speculate on what habits of mind might have helped her to turn an impulse of courage and daring to better account. To know how to choose, then, is a triumph of natural powers, of thought, reason, and self-discipline. To know when to choose marks discretion and good sense. The very effort of choice gives strength and nerve to the mind; yet a prudent man will scarcely desire unlimited opportunities for it—will readily admit that to see where there is no choice and frankly to accept the inevitable is often a mark of the highest wisdom—and will gladly recognise the interference of chance and accident, even in those actions which are considered as particularly subjects of choice. For, after all, choice is a thing to fear. There is something irrevocable in it; it is not only in marriage or the wedding-gown that choice is once for all. An important decision, once come to and acted upon, cannot be wholly reversed. The looker-on does not know why, but nothing can be absolutely undone in this life. Persons jealous to shape their own course, who turn their backs upon obvious or natural influences, and choose for themselves, assume a responsibility which, while it does not remove them from the operations of chance, seems to change it into an austere, unfriendly power, visiting upon them every mistake of conduct, every failure of judgment. To them chance never appears the indulgent harmonizer and reconciler, the gentle Providence which it not seldom shows itself to such as own their inability to direct their own course, and willingly submit to the guidance of events or to the sway of circumstances.

#### MR. MILL ON AMERICA.

SOME days ago, a dinner was given to celebrate the birthday of Washington. Mr. John Mill, who was unable to attend, expressed his views on the subject in the following letter, which, like

everything else that falls from such a man, on such a subject, is deserving of the most respectful attention:—

Blackheath, Feb. 27.

DEAR SIR,—Although I am prevented by pressing occupations from accepting your invitation to join you in celebrating the glorious memory of Washington, and the great work of liberation in which he took so important a part, I am thankful for the opportunity afforded me of associating myself, if only by letter, with the principles and purposes which are identified with that illustrious name.

The prospects of the human race are so deeply interested in the success of the great experiment which is working itself out in the United States, that the lovers of freedom and progress in other countries feel whatever injuries, and still more whatever dishonours, America as a personal calamity. Foremost among all things which injure and dishonour a country stands the personal slavery of human beings. Rather than consent to the further extension of this scourge, the American people have voluntarily incurred all their present sacrifices; and because what was originally a war against slavery has grown into a war for its extinction, my hopes for the future welfare and greatness of the American Republic were never so high as in this, to superficial appearance, the darkest hour in its history.

I have the honour to be, dear sir, very faithfully yours,

J. S. MILL.

It would be hard to find a more characteristic letter. Mr. Mill's generous sympathy for the nation which he has always admired was sure to show itself most conspicuously at the moment when it would be most unpopular; and the ardour with which he puts forward, as the ground of his hopes for the "future welfare and greatness of the American Republic," the very circumstance which leads most observers to look for something very different, is what might have been expected from a man who has always been accustomed to feel and to display a manly confidence in extraordinary powers of mind, however remote from common appreciation might be the conclusions to which they led him. For these reasons, it is worth while to study with care the opinion which he has expressed, and all the more because it is an expression of sentiment rather than of critical judgment. The feelings of a great man are seldom, if ever, deeply moved by an altogether unworthy object.

The structure of the letter is characteristically logical. "The lovers of freedom and progress in other countries feel whatever injuries, and still more whatever dishonours, America as a personal calamity." Slavery dishonours America. Therefore, the lovers of freedom and progress feel the existence of slavery to be a personal calamity, and look upon the fact that the majority of the nation go to war with the minority for its abolition, as a justification of their high opinion of the nation at large. Several observations arise upon this argument. In the first place, it is important to admit, and to admit cordially and emphatically, that the lovers of "freedom and progress"—a body from which no Englishman would wish to be excluded—are deeply interested, not only in the prosperity, but in the honour of America. A man must, indeed, be dead to all but the narrowest and most technical kind of patriotism who could view with indifference the misery or disgrace of nearly thirty millions of people who, as far as regards race, language, law, and literature, may almost be described as his fellow countrymen. Circumstances have, no doubt, produced an equality of conditions in the greater part of North America which there is no hope or fear of seeing in this country in any assignable limits of time, and that equality of conditions has, in its turn, produced a form of Government widely differing from our own; but the spirit which animates that form is as unquestionably English as the language in which its laws are written. We have not, indeed, thrown into the shape of abstract general propositions enacted by law the principles which are the basis of the American Constitution. There is no Act of Parliament which declares that the good of the people is the object of all government, or that all men are born free and equal; but the doctrines, or rather rules of conduct, which these propositions are meant to lay down, are not only incontrovertibly true, but are universally admitted in this country as the basis of all our legislation. Considered as theories, they are no doubt open to objection, but in practice no one would, for an instant, attempt to oppose them. Who, in this country, would ever defend an institution which he admitted to be injurious to the public, or would justify a law which would put an insuperable bar between one class of men and another? It is thus perfectly true that we are all deeply interested in the success and honour of America, because the principles of their government are the principles of our government also. It is also true, for reasons too obvious to require illustration, that slavery is a reproach and dishonour to any nation in which it exists.

Conceding, however, Mr. Mill's premisses, does his conclusion follow? Is it true that we ought to wish either that the North should conquer the South, and so take away the reproach of slavery from the whole nation, or that the attempt to do this is so honourable that it demands our sympathy even if it fails? Mr. Mill's generosity must have led him to forget much of his own teaching if he really means to say either of these things. He has written few things more worthy of his great name than his *Essay on Liberty*, the whole gist of which is to inculcate the truth that it is never expedient to attempt to force people into virtuous conduct—that such agitations, for instance, as the Maine Liquor Law are wrong on principle, and are based on a misconception of the relations in which human beings stand to each other. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the war really has become a crusade against slavery, what else is it than a Maine Liquor Law agitation on a superlative scale, carried on by main force? Mr. Mill surely would never contend that, in the midst of profound peace, and without any sort of provocation, the North would have been justified in marching



an army into the South, solely for the purpose of abolishing slavery? Every one would agree that this would have been an execrable crime. How, then, did they acquire the right? By the rebellion of the Seceding States? But this would give no other right than that of enforcing the law, and punishing those who broke it. Take (as the advocates of the North generally do) the strict legal view of the case, and the Confederate troops, Houses of Assembly, &c., are mere isolated criminals, to be dealt with and punished as such. Admit that they form a nation, and justify the measures taken against them by the laws of war, and where is the crime? It is as absurd as it is convenient to blow hot and cold—to treat people as individuals in order to ascertain the crime, and then to treat them as nations to apportion the punishment. The blind instinct of persons unaccustomed to analyse their thoughts—who see on one side slavery and on the other freedom, and who sympathize with the one and detest the other—may be understood, and to some degree respected; but the clearest and most subtle thinker of the day ought to rise above sympathies and antipathies. He ought to know that a war should have objects as definite as a lawsuit. A war without a purpose, or with a purpose which is clearly unattainable, must be a stupendous folly, and may be a stupendous crime. Mr. Mill would confer a great benefit on the public if he would say in a few words for what definite and attainable object he believes the war now in progress to be waged.

Though the form of Mr. Mill's letter is, as has been already observed, characteristically logical, its gist is no less characteristically sympathetic. The formal point of the letter is, that the removal of slavery will clear the honour of America. The substantial part of the letter is contained in the mere assertion of the importance of American honour to the lovers of freedom and progress. The whole transaction obviously takes, in his mind, the form of a scandal. It is a blot on the reputation of America—it is an occasion to the enemies of freedom and progress to blaspheme. The proposition that we are concerned in the honour of America, and in its prosperity, has been already admitted and insisted on. We are undoubtedly concerned in the success of those principles on which we have always acted, and on which we mean to continue to act; but honour is an ambiguous word, and there is a sense in which no one, except possibly the Americans themselves—though even with regard to them it is very doubtful—is concerned in the honour of America. Mr. Mill is, more than all other men, bound to distinguish between the different causes to which different parts of a complex effect ought to be ascribed. A great part of the variety of facts which may be described collectively by the phrase "honour of America," is due to nothing which has any particular moral interest, or which is calculated to call out any strong moral sympathy. The enormous wealth and power of the Union, its immense population, with its unlimited powers of extension, and the innumerable avenues which it affords to every sort of ability bodily or mental, go to make up what is usually meant by the "honour" of America—that is, its power, splendour, and magnificence; but these things ought not to attract very strongly a reasonable mind, nor can they be either credited to or debited against the form of the American institutions. They are the natural and almost inevitable results of the coincidence of several circumstances which never met before in anything like the same quantity. At the very moment when Europe was overstocked with a hardy and energetic population, seeking in all directions for outlets for its pent-up energies, and when America was possessed of almost unbounded natural resources which could not be turned to account for want of hands, the greatest mechanical discoveries made in any age of the world brought the men and the work together; and the opportunity for carrying to the very highest pitch the results of their labours was afforded by a European peace of about forty years, interrupted only by occasional revolutions which enabled the New World to glory over the mischances of the Old. It is this wonderful and, indeed, almost unexampled combination of circumstances which has made America what it is. No doubt its institutions have done something towards it. They have enabled the vast mass of immigrants to settle down to the enormous meal spread for them by the hand of nature, with a considerable degree of order and regularity; but the same has happened under other forms of government. The Australian colonies have had their carnival, and are displaying a similar spectacle of material progress and prosperity; and the same process, under different conditions of race and climate, is said to be going on in a more leisurely manner in Brazil.

It is right to wish well to such a society, to view it without jealousy, to recognise heartily and thankfully the mitigation which it introduces into the lot of millions who might otherwise have been wretched, or at least not prosperous. We may even go further, and be a little blind to faults which, if offensive and even ostentatious, may be charitably hoped not to go very deep. Knowing what the struggle for bare subsistence is in Europe, we may fairly admit that the vast abundance of roast beef and plum pudding consumed in America affords a considerable excuse for the dirty hands and faces and bad manners of those who eat it. It is, however, one thing to be indulgent and considerate to the faults of such a people, and another to throw ourselves into their ways of thinking, and to estimate the misfortunes which overtake them from their own point of view. Their notion was that they could fuse the whole North American continent into one vast nation—the strongest, the richest, the most populous, in every conceivable way the greatest, that the world ever saw. "Lovers of freedom

and progress" had surely no more special interest in this than in any of the other schemes of human ambition. If our principles had not done in America what they ought to do, we might, indeed, have been grieved and ashamed. If the States had been a scene of vice, folly, and anarchy, if their population had degenerated into mere dollar-worshippers, if they had turned liars and cowards, if they had been dead to all the higher moral and intellectual wants of our nature, free institutions would indeed have failed, and it would have been in the power of bigots and despots to say that the greatness of England was a happy accident, produced not by our freedom, but in spite of it. On the other hand, it is no reproach to us or to our principles that the Americans have not succeeded in an impossible task. If the Union is broken up, the States into which it will be decomposed will still be in many respects the finest in the world; and the free States in particular, released from the slur of any connexion with slavery, may rise to greatness as true and as solid as that of the nation from which they sprang. All the distinctive principles of American government would be just as true and just as false to-morrow as they are to-day, if the Union were to-morrow to be formally dissolved. It is absurd to represent the present struggle as a struggle between aristocrats and democrats. It is a struggle between two democracies, one of which happens to hold slaves—a practice recognised and protected by the Constitution of the other. Mr. Mill is not amongst the number of those who require to be told that democracies may hold slaves, and may go to war with each other. We know a little of the world's history for, say, something like three thousand years; but, limited as our knowledge is, we have many precedents for such proceedings. No one can view what is passing without sorrow, or without sympathy; but it is altogether a mistake to make a party question of it, and to suppose that it tends to settle any controversies as to theories of government.

#### BRIBERY.

A BRIBERY debate does not add to the credit of the House of Commons. Nobody believes the House to be in earnest, and long experience has fully satisfied the public that nothing will result from its sharp war of words and close divisions but a string of inoperative clauses. The truth is, that in such discussions the House feels itself in an embarrassing position. The elections of many who sit there are not reputed to have been quite pure from the offence; and many more have been at one time or another charged with it. To call upon them to affix new and more stringent penalties to it is something more than asking them to kiss the rod. It is asking them to select the twigs that are to compose it, taking care that there shall be plenty of buds upon the ends of them. The result is much what might be expected if a similar commission were entrusted to a party of Eton boys. The members make a great parade of their anxiety in general to find the most elastic switches, and the most abundant crop of buds; but when any particular twig of a formidable appearance is offered for their acceptance, they always detect some fatal weakness or undue stiffness in some part of it, which absolutely precludes them, as a matter of conscience, from tying up so worthless a bit of wood into the rod. It is no matter for surprise, therefore, that bribery debates should resound with professions of purity sublime enough to bring down an admiring and awe-struck nation upon its knees, but that the Bribery Acts which are the result of them should present a very attenuated and impalpable structure to the eye. There is another and a better reason why the House of Commons should wince visibly at the proposal to pass more rigorous enactments against bribery. They are not only a terror to evil doers, but a fearful engine of oppression against unlucky partisans. A man's election may have been as pure as driven snow; but if an unscrupulous Parliamentary agent thinks fit to inflict on him the expense of a few hundred pounds, he can do so by the simple process of presenting a sham petition against his election. As soon as the unlucky member has engaged his lawyers and marshalled his witnesses in his defence, the petition can be quietly withdrawn. The fate of those whose cases go on to trial is still less enviable. They are tried before a committee of five—composed of men, every one of whom, if it were a criminal case, and they were jurymen, would be challenged as a hostile partisan by one side or the other. This committee, so constituted, does not bind itself, either in its inquiry or its judgment, by the rules of English law. It is fettered by no laws of evidence, except such as the Chairman pleases to enforce; and in deciding upon the guilt of those whom it condemns it does not profess to require legal proof. Evidence of agency, to which no court of law would listen—i. e. evidence that the candidate was cognizant of the bribes which his over-zealous partisans had offered—is frequently accepted by Committees. They merely require to be morally convinced of the fact. It is surprising how rapidly moral conviction can be accomplished when the majority of the Committee differ in politics from the member who is being tried.

So long as, in defiance of every principle of law, this oppressive jurisdiction is retained, no genuine legislation against bribery can be looked for. No member will willingly sharpen the edge of provisions under which he knows that he himself may be arraigned before a tribunal composed of his political antagonists. The two opposing parties know they cannot keep their hands off each other, when the temptation of unseating an opponent offers itself; and so they take precautions against their own

weaknesses. The inefficiency of the Bribery law is a humane device for mitigating the ferocity of political warfare. Other reasons, however, may be found for the obvious reluctance of the House of Commons to make the law upon this subject more stringent. It is clear that there is a profound scepticism, in the minds both of Ministers and members, as to the possibility of reaching the offence by legislation. The detection of it is always difficult, and becomes nearly impossible unless the public opinion of the class to whom the offender belongs is in harmony with the law. Unfortunately there is a very wide divergence between the two. It has been shown by the evidence before two or three Commissions that a vote is habitually looked upon as a "perquisite," not only by the lowest class of freemen, but also by respectable country tradesmen. Nor is the opinion quite so unreasonable as people who are accustomed to accept the current tone of thought upon the question are ready to assume. The educated classes have talked and written themselves into a frenzy upon the subject, until it has become the fashion to believe that an elector, in taking a bribe, is guilty of exactly the same offence in kind as that for which Bacon and Macclesfield were disgraced. A vote is a trust, it is said, just as much as a judicial office, and those who sell the use of either for money are equally corrupt. But this is a morality resting only upon the logical development of a theory. It is not a morality of that kind that recommends itself at first sight to the common sense of half-educated men. Whatever the theory may be, they know that the practice of representative government is a very different thing. Electoral privileges may be called a national trust, but they are actually used by everybody, good and bad, high and low, as an instrument for the furtherance and protection of their own interests. The landowner employs his political influence to resist taxes that bear heavily on the land, and to uphold the laws of landed property. The parson rushes to the poll to vote for the champion of Church endowments. The licensed victuallers wage, through the votes they command, a ceaseless warfare with the Excise. Tea-dealers, hop-growers, railway directors, brewers, calico-makers, gas-manufacturers, do not blush, each in his own hour of danger, to raise their voices in the House of Commons to defend their own interests. These things are not only done constantly, but they are done without reproach. Our popular code of ethics does not cast the faintest slur upon a man who uses all the political influence he can command to protect his own pecuniary interests. Large companies with great commercial interests make a point, if they can, of having one of their body in the House. Candidates for great commercial towns, like Southampton, fill their speeches with promises, not to foster any great public measures, but to promote the local interests of the town—in other words, to put so much more money into the pockets of the townspeople. There is nothing to wonder at or to regret in such a state of things. It is an ideal representative government where all interests are allowed to battle freely with each other, and their respective claims are ultimately adjusted according to the intrinsic importance of each. But it is idle to expect the elector in a small town to believe that his vote is a sacred trust, when this race of enlightened selfishness is being run before his eyes. A philosopher may draw a distinction between the pecuniary benefits which will result to you, as one of a class, from the adoption of a political measure, and the coarser form of pecuniary benefit which results from the insertion of a five-pound note into your pocket. But the elector cannot be expected to exercise so subtle a discrimination. He sees that others get a money value for their vote, and he asks why he should not do the same. He may possibly belong to a constituency too small to have any local interests to serve. He can only make his vote pay by directly taking money for it. Small constituencies are generally more tainted with this practice than large ones; and part of the reason may be that they cannot be bribed in any other way. But the elector of Huddersfield will never be induced to see anything disgraceful in accepting fifty pounds a piece for his pigs, so long as he sees that the elector of Liverpool or Hull is allowed without reproach to use his political influence for the purpose of perpetuating the local dues on shipping, and so lessening the borough rates he has to pay.

If bribery is ineradicable, it is a consolation to reflect that the consequent loss to the Constitution is not very great. It is a curious, but not uncommon, fallacy to suppose that an elector, when he has been prevented from taking a bribe, is straightway invested with the virtues of a patriotic politician. A Gloucester elector who is cut off from his customary gratification by a stringent Bribery Act no more becomes a patriot than a cat ceases to be carnivorous because the larder is locked up. It is quite certain that a man who would take payment for his vote if he could get it, can have, in default of it, no worthier motive to fall back upon. Our constituencies are disfigured by a certain number of persons who have no political opinions to outweigh the natural desire of gain. If by any Parliamentary clairvoyance it were possible to discover these backsliding patriots, their removal from the register would be a salutary reform. But so long as they remain there, it is a matter of no vital moment to the working of the Constitution whether they vote under the influence of bribes or not. It may be desirable, in the interests of public decorum, that the scandal of their proceedings should, if it be possible, be abated; but when that has been effected, their votes will operate upon the selection of candidates neither more nor less mischievously than they do now.

## THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

EVERY English trade and profession has a language of its own, or rather has a system of contrivances for making a few words or parts of words convey a great deal of meaning. Mr. Kinglake tells us that at the Alma Sir Colin Campbell's groom explained to his master, "in the dry, terse way of those Englishmen who are much accustomed to horses," that he had brought Sir Colin's second horse to the front, to get him out of the way of the balls that were dropping thickly in the rear. It would not occur to the groom that his own safety was more important than that of his master's horse, nor would he think of making a merit of postponing self-regard to duty. Simplicity of purpose would in this instance produce plainness of speech; but it must be confessed that the prevailing brevity of stable language is not invariably associated with oblivion of the speaker's personal interest in the matter discussed. But whether the habit of terse diction has any root in character or not, it is certain that this habit belongs to all Englishmen who are labouring in their business without any present thought of making an impression on the external world. In some lines of business, brevity is practised under all circumstances; but in other lines there is fine and flowing language for the public, while the most rigid parsimony of words prevails in intercourse with the initiated.

Perhaps as good an example as can be found of the difference between two ways of speaking of the same things is furnished by the theatrical advertisements which appear every week in the *Era*. In one part of that newspaper, actors and managers speak among themselves, while in another part they address expected audiences:—"Wanted immediately, a good leading lady, a good heavy man, a good juvenile man, and several good utility people" for a country theatre. The experienced reader of playbills can imagine the sumptuousness of the epithets which, for a different purpose, would be heaped upon persons answering to these homely descriptions. Another theatre wants "a lady for second business and a share of the lead;" also a low comedian, a lady dancer, an old man, an old woman, and one or two useful people. A leading man who is used to a portable theatre may obtain an engagement at Appledore in Devonshire. The Malton Theatre wants an entire company, leader, and wardrobe. The Royal Phoenix Theatre at North-leach, in Gloucestershire, wants "a leading gent," and a lady who can play the leads and make herself otherwise useful, and also "a utility gent." Sober people only are required at North-leach, and "a good round of fairs" promises scope for their exertions. The prospects of the theatrical profession must be better than is commonly supposed if "leading gents" are wanted in such very out-of-the-way places as Appledore and Northleach. A circus at Manchester wants "talent of all descriptions." The Temperance Fête in Birmingham wants "amusements" on Whit-Tuesday, and the Oratory, Brompton, which appears to have got into strange company, wants boys with good voices for the choir. The Plymouth Alhambra wants talent suited for circus or concert-hall business. The Dewsbury Theatre wants a good heavy man, and a lady dancer who can act. The Burnley Concert Hall wants young lady vocalists of good appearance, two niggers, and good comic talent. The Durham Theatres want a useful couple and a good juvenile gentleman. There is wanted for the Provinces a conjuror, ventriloquist, or any novelty capable of making up an hour and a half with music. Lastly, a good trick dog is wanted; and one that is—to speak more politely than the advertisement—of the female sex, and is small and can leap well, would be preferred. It is rather oddly added to this advertisement, "Perhaps Octar Evans will write." It might be hastily supposed that "Octar Evans" was a dog who counted pennmanship among his tricks; but further consideration would suggest that the name "Octar" cannot be appropriate to the female sex.

Some of the advertisers in the *Era* who want engagements address their brethren in language nearly resembling that which the profession habitually uses towards the public. A certain Mrs. Harry Waite, serio-comic and characteristic vocalist, announces that, "combined with Mr. Harry Waite," the well-known Irish comedian, singer, and dancer—which probably means married to him—she has concluded a successful engagement, and will be open to another in a few days. It is added—with a legal rather than a popular apprehension of the marital right—that "Mr. H. W. has a first-class wardrobe, both male and female." It may be suspected, however, that this is an example rather of printer's blundering than of intended legal accuracy; for surely a lady who advertises that she keeps a husband as a sort of property would also consider herself mistress of her other properties. It will not, we presume, be urged that Mrs. H. W. has not more occasion for a male than Mr. H. W. can have right to a female wardrobe. The next advertisement describes a lady whose title to a male wardrobe, or to anything else to which she takes a fancy, nobody is likely to be bold enough to dispute. "Miss McDonald, the Great North Highland Giantess and the tallest Barnmaid in the world, is now fulfilling the duties of barnmaid at the Clown Hotel, Bristol." If Miss McDonald wears a dress of volume proportioned to her altitude, we should say that she "fulfils" not only the duties of barnmaid, but the bar itself, to the admiration of all beholders. The refreshments at the Clown Hotel are of the choicest quality, and no extra charge is made for beer or spirits served by the tallest barnmaid in the world. Another advertisement in the same column returns to that chaste simplicity of style



which seems to be indispensable for the subject of which it treats:—"Walter Edwin and his mare Gipsy at liberty." If managers of theatres and speculators in entertainments do not know all about the talents and triumphs of the mare Gipsy, they must have lived and laboured very much in vain. It is only inferior performers who are driven to resort to such contrivances as stating that "Mrs. Ramsden receives nightly ovations" in the skipping-rope dance, or that Mr. and Mrs. White have a third and fourth call nightly, or that Mr. Moss's benefit was an immense success, or that "Ireland's own Comedian" excites roars of laughter every evening. Surely the dignity proper to human nature has been abandoned by these advertisers to "Henriquez's Troupe of Dogs and Monkeys," which merely announces that it will be at liberty on a particular day. There are, however, animals almost as much addicted to puffery as either men or women. "Three very handsome trained dogs with all the properties" have so little sense of the nobility of genius as to offer themselves as "a wonderful chance" to managers. We fear that canine nature is lapsing from its pristine purity, and we expect very soon to find some dog advertising that he has made a terrific hit, or created a perfect *furor*, or that the celebrated versatile Carlo, in his great sensation part, is about to conclude the most successful engagement ever known, of which further particulars may be learned from annexed "notices" of the Public Press.

We have as yet by no means exhausted the curiosities of theatrical advertisement. Our old acquaintance Mr. E. T. Smith is desirous to engage talent of the very first order for the approaching season at Cremorne. Any and every novelty will meet with immediate attention. The Londonderry Theatre wants an entirely new company, but "none but parties of acknowledged talent need apply." The splendid transformation scene of the Portsmouth Theatre, "with transparent glass bridge rise from cellar," is offered for sale. Public bodies, proprietors of theatres or amusements, and others who desire to get up "Prince of Wales' Wedding Demonstrations," can be supplied with a beautiful design, emblematical of the occasion, and suitable for the head of a posting bill. First-class talent may write to the manager of the People's Concerts at Sunderland. Any novelty of superior description may apply at London Hall, Manchester, where a first-class serio-comic lady and a comic gentleman are wanted immediately. Equestrians with their own horses and properties, niggers, clowns, gymnasts, and Arabs, are informed that the Alhambra Circus, Leicester, will open shortly. A first-class ring horse, "warranted not to shy, and to go for somersault or other acts," is to be sold very cheap. An offer to engage for light comedy or juvenile lead claims managerial attention, not only to the talent of the advertiser, but also to his "excellent wardrobe." Mr. Wells and family (five, six, or seven in number) will be happy to enter into arrangements for the summer season. It is stated that the family includes some of the first female equestrian talent in the country, and also "two of the best ring horses in England, bar none, and a small handsome trick pony, with good dresses, properties, &c." It is an encouraging sign of regeneration of the age to find the two ring horses treated, equally with the female talent, as part of Mr. Wells's family. It may be hoped that England is beginning to imitate the simple habits and modes of thought of those Eastern tribes among whom a choice brood mare is honoured at least equally with a daughter. The popularity of blackened faces and extravagant neck-gear appears from these advertisements to have suffered no diminution. "The Great Sensation Niggers" have just finished a highly successful engagement, and "the most versatile negro trio now before the public" are nightly hailed with enthusiastic applause. Mr. and Mrs. Washington are "real negroes, and unrivalled delineators of their peculiar race." It does not excite any surprise to find that Messrs. Wright and Pickard advertise themselves as "male and female comic duettists;" but although Mr. Hughes describes himself as "late Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, duettists," we labour under a difficulty in believing that he can ever have been both himself and his wife at once. Mr. Hughes states that "he will be most happy to join either male or female" in various lines of business, so that, perhaps, the firm of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes may be reconstituted without particular regard to sex. Mr. Hughes's present stock in trade comprises a first-class wardrobe, the newest sensation duets of the day, and a highly-trained performing dog.

Some of us perhaps have had the opportunity of comparing the language in which a wholesale and a retail house conduct their operations with the language in which the retail house speaks to a customer about the same goods. It is instructive to observe how completely verbiage is thrown aside when neither party to the discussion hopes to impose upon the other. Lawyers considering among themselves the effect of a lengthy deed are not more resolute in casting away all those redundancies of phrase which the outer world is taught to believe are necessary. The theatrical manager who wants a company goes with equal straightforwardness to the point he has in view. Performers who want engagements borrow a good deal of the sort of language in which managers address the public; but when they talk of sensations and immense successes, it is probable that they only mean that the advertisers are capable of supplying opportunities of using these phrases in relation to the theatres where they may happen to be engaged. The effect of these managerial advertisements on the mind of a theatrical enthusiast must be a good deal like that of being taken, for the first time, behind the scenes, and finding the Ghost in *Hamlet* refreshing

himself with a pot of porter. Perhaps, in the way of cold business-like brevity of style, it would be impossible to surpass an advertisement of the lessee of the Scarborough Theatre, who "will thank first-rate stars to send their lowest terms and dates at liberty," to her address.

#### THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER IMPROVEMENTS.

"GIVE them an inch and they'll take an ell," is an adage which not only announces a fact, but in some cases at least prescribes a duty. It was never pretended that the Thames Embankment scheme was final; and we are now beginning to see what must come of it. London is gradually, tentatively, and grudgingly assuming something at least of convenience, and is aiming at beauty. It is but natural that, as charity begins at home, the very heart and centre of London should be the first to develop the quickening influence. The old island of Thorney, which more than a thousand years ago was a marshy scrub of brambles—*locus terribilis*, as King Offa styled it—has long been the very citadel of English government and English religion. Its most considerable loss has been in the suppression of the royal residence and palace of Whitehall; but the Abbey, and that gorgeous pile, the Houses of Parliament, with the Hall of Rufus, will maintain for it that supremacy which it first acquired from the jealousy with which mediæval loyalty viewed the municipal privileges of the City of London. It is curious enough to find that here, in the nineteenth century, the same views, though for other reasons, are maintained which have all along regulated the position of the two cities of London and Westminster. Westminster is national, London is local. Whatever of improvement Westminster, with its Imperial Palace of the Legislature, requires, is an Imperial concern, and must be paid for by the nation. If London proper is to be improved, the City must pay for it. The old London municipality retains its special franchises and immunities, and one of them is that it must be at the cost of its own repairs. In the Report just presented on the Thames Embankment, we observe, first, that the Embankment must regulate and prescribe much of the future of London, and for the first time we remark something like a principle laid down upon which Metropolitan Improvements must be planned and paid for.

As it was the Thames which brought London into existence, so the Thames is the first and regulating datum of London. Another conflagration of London might, *ex hypothesi*, give that *tabula rasa* of which the seventeenth century declined to avail itself; but even in a great *razzia* of all the existing streets, the Thames, as it cannot be set on fire, must settle what the London of the future must be. Undoubtedly, therefore, all our street improvements must accept the Thames as the only solid, as well as liquid, fact. All our arterial communications must more or less follow the Thames line. East and West, in all the world's history, has the tide of letters, civilization, trade, and politics flowed; and as London is the world's epitome, the general rule holds. At present, there are two great centres and nuclei of jam, and crush, and obstruction; these are of course identical with the life-centres of the two cities. London at the Mansion House, and Westminster at the Bridge foot, must undergo a surgical operation—the swelling must be lanced, and the matter dispersed. This is the twofold object of the Commissioners, and their Report comprises two schemes for the relief of the suppressed and obstructed circulation.

First, they abandon the project of continuing the Thames Embankment even from Blackfriars to Queenhithe. Between the cost of a new street from Blackfriars to the Mansion House, and the embankment from Blackfriars to Queenhithe, they brandish the formidable difference of 300,000*l*. The wharves and warehouses and lucrative trades which enrich, while they disfigure, the northern shore of the Thames, are sacred—and no great wonder—in the eyes of the City authorities; but, with all submission to Mr. Cubitt and Mr. Tite, there is such a thing as a columnar viaduct as well as a solid embankment, and a Thames roadway need not destroy, nor even injure, the lucrative trades of the river side. We still hold to the opinion that, sooner or later, the Thames will be embanked in its whole length from London Bridge to Chelsea. No single street, though the shortest and widest which engineering skill can compass, will relieve the City traffic. The line of Thames Street is the old and natural artery of commerce, and either the existing Thames Street must be widened, or a second Thames Street—in other words, an embankment—must be won from the river itself. If, however, the makeshift of a new street following no natural and ancient line is to be adopted, we give our vote for the cheap line proposed by the Commission of 1861, and again recommended in 1863, to the unintelligible and costly scheme of sweeping away the south side of St. Paul's. Although we have no faith in diagonal and unnatural new cuts, the straightest road is the best; but no new street will be of much service unless the most stringent regulations about the City traffic are enforced. There is no reason whatever why the lightest and heaviest vehicles, the Hansom and the broadwheeled waggon, should be permitted to take one and the same line of traffic.

In the second branch of their inquiries, the Commissioners have not been insensible to æsthetic considerations. That happy fire which consumed the old Parliament Houses has not yet ceased to extend its ravages, as the newspapers say. For all practical purposes, the devouring element is even now in full force. Old Palace Yard, and the time-honoured home of many Parliamentary jobs,

Pendall's Hotel, is yielding to a long-deferred fate, and in another generation or two we may hope to see the Law Courts banished and Westminster Hall thrown open. But it is southward that the Commissioners were directed to inquire into possible improvements, and, being commissioned to do one thing, they have done several things. We do not blame them. Their meagre instructions were to perpend whether the embankment at Westminster could be connected with the embankment at Millbank—in other words, whether a direct communication could be established between what Cobbett used to cite as an example of a noun of multitude—"House of Lords; Den of Thieves"—and the other Den of Thieves, the Millbank Penitentiary. It has seemed wise and prudent to the Commissioners not to encourage this notion of establishing a solidarity, as the French say, by a broad way between the House of Legislation and the House of Correction. A great gap is to intervene materially, as of course it does morally, between the Senators and the Penitentiary. The embankment is to be given up; and Parliament itself is very properly considered a sufficient block and obstruction to any tideway. But having got their inch, they were resolved to bid hard for an ell; and so the Commissioners next directed their attention to the communication between Palace Yard and the Horseferry Road. As far as our own experience goes, the tide of human life and business does not set very strongly in this direction. Except on very special occasions, the impressive solitude of Abingdon Street is not often broken, and the Horseferry Road is traversed, perhaps, more frequently than Bedford Row, but not so much as Mount Cenis. It is, however, undeniable that some very offensive and unmannerly stench thrust themselves into the Royal robing room, wafted from the savoury laystalls of Millbank. These the Commissioners have smelt out, and it is only reasonable, that as the immediate motive for the Main Drainage scheme is to be traced to the offended noses of the House of Commons, so the shore, south of the Victoria tower, extending four hundred feet along the Thames side, should be cleared out and turned into a stately pleasure. Thus shall we save the Palace from a possible fire, the legislative noses from vile affronts, and the general eye from dirt, unseemliness, and disorder. But not only are these wharves dangerous, unsightly, and impregnated with kakodyle, but Abingdon Street is far from handsome. The public enthusiasm will hardly be raised for Abingdon Street. Besides, occasionally—once in a generation, in the event of a Coronation, and once a year at the opening of Parliament—there is a great crush of carriages in Abingdon Street. A troop of Horse Guards wants space to prance about; anxious crowds require room, especially in these days of extravagant apparel, to display their loyalty and their petticoats; and—which is the real and best reason—we want to show the south side of the Abbey, and the Chapter House, and the collegiate part of St. Peter's, to say nothing of our desire to snatch at a spot from which we can see Henry VII.'s chapel. In all this we gladly trace Mr. Gilbert Scott's inspiration; and even Lord Palmerston is not an iconoclast. He will have no more new Gothic; but he has not yet determined either to pull down or to destroy the Gothic we have got. Even his iron soul will be melted by the appeal, that both Barry's noble pile and the Abbey are at least worth looking at, and all that the Commissioners propose is to throw them open. Abingdon Street, Poet's Corner, the mews and stables, are—so runs the Commissioners' bold recommendation—all to be swept away or thrown back. A new river front and river-side plantation, and six or eight first-class houses, ranging in size and style with the Gothic *entourage*, are to succeed dung-hills, dirt, and dinginess. Who can resist this siren voice, especially if it whispers of cloisters and a close which are almost to reconcile us to the destruction of St. Stephen's Chapel, which will give the Abbey and the Palace a free and airy space, and which will let the world see that we have an architectural group which, with all its defects, is unsurpassed in Europe? 372,000*l.* is a very small bill for this scheme, which, for once, really does elevate itself to the rank of a metropolitan improvement of the very first class and the highest excellence. Appalled, we suppose, at their own temerity, or at the largeness and justice of their sense of the becoming and beautiful, the Commissioners then sneak off to some paltry scheme for widening King Street, instead of suggesting its total demolition; and when they ask us to spend nearly 80,000*l.* on this miserable compromise, we must at once say that we had rather things remained as they are. In the long run, the intrusive block which forms the present west side of Parliament Street must go. King Street is an incurable evil, and this block must be extirpated.

As we have already said, it is proposed that the City should pay for its new street, and that the nation should pay for the Westminster improvements. This is only fair. Westminster belongs to the Empire. Half a million, after all, will not ruin us. It is very true that this is bringing an old house over our heads. It is all that abominable fire in 1834. Mr. Briggs found out that the loose slate cost him a new conservatory and a new dining-room. It can't be helped. It is of no use building a house unless you make roads to it, and no use buying plate and glass unless you give dinners. We might as well have no Palace and no Abbey at Westminster, if nobody can see them. A paltry building is redeemed by a good site, but the noblest structure is thrown away if it is surrounded by squalor, shabbiness, and smoke. It is simple nonsense to ask whether we can afford it. The whole bill will be about half as much as will be spent on the celebration of this day and next Tuesday.

## LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER began his second series of Lectures on the Science of Language at the Royal Institution on February 21. His first lecture was of a general character, and treated chiefly of the proper method to be followed in linguistic researches. As that lecture has since appeared in the March number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, we need only touch briefly on its various topics. The lecturer stated that it had at first been his intention to fill up the general outlines of the map of languages sketched by him in his first series. The materials for a more accurate map of the languages of the world he showed to be already abundant and constantly increasing; but as their arrangement depended on principles which must be settled before any attempt at classification could be made, it seemed necessary, first of all, to place these principles in their proper light, and to answer all objections that could be urged against them—in fact, to prove that language admits of scientific analysis, and that there is an order pervading the whole realm of human speech. After referring to some extraordinary theories according to which the languages of Europe would find their true parentage in the Sandwich Islands or among the Zulu Kafirs, and, on the other hand, to the scepticism of certain scholars who still deny that there is any relationship between Sanskrit and the classical languages of Europe, the lecturer asked—how are theories and counter-theories of this kind to be treated? and he answered in the words of Leibnitz:—

We must begin by studying the modern languages which are within our reach, in order to compare them with one another, to discover their differences and affinities, and then to proceed to those which have preceded them in former ages, in order to show their filiation and their origin, and then to ascend step by step to the most ancient of tongues, the analysis of which must lead us to the only trustworthy conclusions.

His second series of lectures would, therefore, the Professor announced, be confined to the exploration of those familiar quarries of speech in which we have all laboured with more or less success—Greek, Latin with its Romance offshoots, English with its Continental kith and kin, and the much abused though indispensable Sanskrit. His principal object, however, would be, not so much to describe the organic structure of these languages, which was done once for all in Bopp's *Comparative Grammar*, as to show how their analysis and comparison help us to discover certain principles which ought to guide us like a compass through the most violent storms and hurricanes of philological speculation. A number of illustrations were given to show how a right analysis of the commonest words may lead to the establishment of definite principles in the science of language, and the lecturer laid much stress on the dangers to which those scholars expose themselves who imagine that all languages must be measured with the measure of Sanskrit. As these lectures were chiefly to be limited to the Indo-European family of speech, the misapprehension that the study of Sanskrit and its cognate dialects can supply us with all that is necessary to the science of language was fully discussed. "It can do so as little," the Professor said, "as an exploration of the tertiary deposits would tell us all about the stratification of the earth;" but, as a discipline, it is invaluable. It exhibits the minute laws that regulate the changes of each letter and accent in the Aryan languages, and it thus teaches the student respect for every jot and tittle in even the most savage dialect he may hereafter have to deal with. And by revealing to us the real nature of that language in which we think, it shows us that the science of the mind and the science of language are in truth inseparable, and that, without a proper study of language, a true knowledge of the operations of the understanding is unattainable. In conclusion, the lecturer sketched the plan of his course in the following words:—

I propose to divide my lectures into two parts. I shall first treat of what may be called the body or outside of language—the sounds in which language is clothed, whether we call them words, syllables, or letters; describing their origin, their formation, and the laws which determine their growth and decay. In this part we shall have to deal with some of the more important principles of Etymology. In the second part I mean to investigate what may be called the soul, or the inside of language, examining the first conceptions that claimed utterance, their combinations and ramifications, their growth, their decay, and their resuscitation. In that part we shall have to inquire into some of the fundamental principles of Mythology, both ancient and modern, and to determine the sway, if any, which language, as such, exercises over our thoughts.

The second lecture was chiefly devoted to the establishment of one of the fundamental principles of the philosophy of language, namely, that speaking and thinking are inseparable—that conceptions cannot be formed except by means of words, and that words cannot be formed except by means of conceptions. If languages had been framed artificially—if the old sages of the world had met in solemn conclave to ticket and label their conceptions by means of words agreed on by themselves—or if at the present moment a universal language were started on the principles proposed by Bishop Wilkins and Leibnitz, the case would be different. We should have conceptions on one side, sounds on the other. But not so in real, living languages. In them soul and body are inseparable. We never do meet with articulate sounds by themselves, nor do we see ideas floating about like ghosts, looking out for some untenanted body to dwell in. After examining the opinions of some leading philosophers as to the possibility or impossibility of rational thought without language, the lecturer declared his concurrence in the views of Schelling and Hegel, the former of whom declares that it is impossible to conceive philosophical, nay, any human consciousness without language, while the latter states



boldly that we think in names. It is admitted by all, said the lecturer, that mere words without meaning have no existence, though some philosophers imagine that conceptions may be realized without words. But, if so, where could these conceptions have found the phonetic garments to hide their nakedness? As we never meet with skins by themselves, we may feel certain that no animal can exist without these cutaneous teguments. The same in language. As we never meet with blank dictionaries, we may be sure that the human reason never, like Peter Schlemihl, either sold or bought its shadow, language. In spite, however, of this one and indivisible character of language and thought, the lecturer maintained that it was possible, for scientific purposes, to treat of the one as separate from the other, and that he was justified in devoting the first part of his course to the anatomy of the dead body of language.

In dissecting the mere corpse of human speech, the last elements at which we arrive are consonants and vowels. These, however, cannot be called the real elements of real language. Consonants and vowels by themselves have no meaning, and, if we combined them *ad infinitum*, they would never produce significant words. They would yield trillions, billions, and millions of possible configurations of sound, but they would never yield anything but what Heracitus called *φῶρος*. The real elements of language are roots, significant sounds, the combination of which will give us language, such as it really is. It was sufficient, the lecturer said, for the purposes of the science of language, to reduce each family of speech to its constituent radical elements, without inquiring further into the physiological and psychological process by which the five organs of sensuous perception act sympathetically or reflectively upon the motory nerves of the organs of speech. In his first course of lectures he had left these roots as *ultimate facts*, nor did he think that any satisfactory explanation of them had yet been given. Their real importance for the science of language consisted in their being *specific centres*, which, after once acquiring consistency, character, or individuality, could be treated as the sources or types for large tribes of words. He had, therefore, applied to them the name of phonetic types, and he considered it of vital importance that in all researches into the origin of words these types should stand with their determinate sound and definite meaning between the Kosmos of language on one side and the Chaos of mere shouts and cries on the other. That there was some analogy between the faculty of speech and the animal instincts which make us laugh, cry, sigh, moan, or scream, required no proof; nor could anybody doubt that some of the roots in all languages rested on the principle of imitation. These, however, were minor questions. The chief point, the lecturer said, to be insisted on was this, that in etymological researches we should not claim the same license which the savage claims in expressing his contempt by either *pooh* or *fy*, and which the cow claims in saying either *moo* or *boo*. If it is once admitted that all words must be traced back to definite roots according to the strictest phonetic rules, it matters little whether these roots are called phonetic types, more or less preserved in all the innumerable impressions that are taken from them, or whether we call them onomatopœic or interjectional. If, on the contrary, the roots of language are mere abstractions, and there is nothing to separate language from animal cries and savage interjections, then we may play with words as children play with the sands of the sea, but we must not complain if every fresh tide wipes out the little castles that we had built on the beach.

#### THE BRITISH INSTITUTION (MODERN ARTISTS).

THE necessity, as we suppose, of filling their gallery has driven the Managers of the British Institution to admit dozens of pictures which ought never to have been exhibited. We cannot but wish that some standard of competency were more rigidly upheld. In competitions at the Universities, prizes are sometimes withheld, if no candidate reaches the average degree of merit; and we are sure that some such rule might be advantageously adopted in picture exhibitions. It would be an emphatic lesson to artists if such an exhibition as that of the British Institution were opened with a certain amount of unoccupied wall-space, on the ground that no pictures were admitted which were not worth hanging. As it is, the general effect of the exhibition is one of the tamest mediocrity. It is not worth while to remark particularly on the indifferent or the positively worthless pictures which crowd the walls of the Pall Mall Gallery. The works which deserve notice are unfortunately few enough.

Among these, however, we find the first picture in the collection. "Evening Time" (1), by Mr. Jutsum, is a pretty rural scene, brightly coloured and vigorously handled, representing a cottage in early spring-tide. The same artist sends another pleasing work, the "Thames at Sonning" (299), and also a third view, of the "Thames at Shiplake" (496), in the South Room. Two works are contributed by G. C. Stanfield. The first, "The Cathedral and Old Castle of Limburg" (8), is an attractive picture. The noble position of the architectural pile, on a steep rock overhanging the Lahn, is effectively given. But we desiderate a little more feeling in the treatment of the subject. The handling is somewhat too "Academic." We prefer, therefore, his other picture, "The Minne Water, Bruges" (245)—a very picturesque piece of urban grouping. Mr. Barraud's two pictures are disappointing. A more pert, mincing, and affected figure than his "Diana" (11) cannot be imagined. The other, "Paul

and Florence Dombey" (113), is as unsatisfactory in its treatment as in its sentiment. Surely the huge washy picture by Mr. Desanges, which he calls "She never told her Love" (13), and which he prices at 200*l.*, is a mistake. It is painfully inexpressive and feeble. We must give a good word to Mr. Ansdell's "Crossing the Moor" (20). It is a fresh study of heather, and shows a genuine love of nature. Of Mr. G. E. Hering's works we may notice a very fair Italian picture, "On the Island of St. Giulio, Lake of Orta" (34); and another, which has a double interest, "Fort Varignano, near Spezzia" (219), showing the prison in which Garibaldi was recently confined. A still more ambitious work by the same artist is the "Market Morning at Lucerne" (469), a fine but rather coldly coloured view from the Lake of the Four Cantons. Mr. O'Neill finds an imitator in Mr. Collinson, who exhibits, under the title of "Ordered on Foreign Service" (41), a not unclever picture of a most gorgeously dressed young lady bidding adieu on a railway platform to a hussar officer, who is leaning out of the carriage window at the moment of the train's starting. There is, however, more costume than expression in the picture. We like better than this the same artist's other picture, called "A Summer Ramble" (276). It is an almost Pre-Raphaelite attempt to depict a blazing fore-ground of foxgloves, poppies, and seedling grasses, in contrast with the deep brown of an over-ripe corn-field. The work is marvellously minute: but the result is not a bit like real nature. One of the very best pictures in the rooms is Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Catching Wild Goats on Moel Siabod" (60). The animals are very vigorously drawn in the near foreground; but the driving mists, and the mountain top bathed in sunlight above them, are still better. A picture by Mr. J. W. Oakes, "Morning on Carmel Sands" (72), is worth study. It is very artistically conceived, and the artist has made the most of a scene which in itself is uninteresting enough. The mist, and the reflected colours, are managed with great truth and skill. Mr. H. J. Boddington's hand will be easily recognised in the "Summer's Noon, North Wales" (85). It is a fair specimen of his mannered style and facile execution. But the cloud-cumuli and the broad streaks of light show true study of nature. Mr. Gale is a large contributor. One of his works (93) is inspired by the Lancashire famine. It represents, without much local truth, a group of two women and a boy starving in a fireless room. Through the window are seen the smokeless chimneys of the mill. Mr. Abraham Cooper, R.A., attempts, with signal ill success, a group representing John Hampden, aided by a trooper, leaving the field of Chalgrove (97). Even the horses are wooden, and the two men lack all interest. A good and real effect of a wintry sky, with snow on the ground, has been caught by L. R. Mignot in "Winter" (106). Spirited sea sketches are contributed by Mr. E. Hayes, of the Irish Academy. For instance, there is his "Bass Rock" (114), and also a truthful "Easterly Gale off Kinghorn Pier, Coast of Fife" (176). Still better is one of Mr. E. W. Cooke's Venetian sketches. The sunsets of Venice are famous. One of them is most happily rendered in the "Trabacolo waiting for Tide off the Armenian Convent" (119). Mr. Cooke also sends a good sketch (420) of a fishing boat aground at the mouth of Calais Harbour. "Musidora" (120), by Mr. W. E. Frost, A.R.A., is a characteristic nude figure in the artist's own familiar style. Mr. Gilbert's attempt to exhibit in one frame the different effects of "Morning, Noon, and Night" (124), in landscape would have been better had he chosen the same scene in each case. Mr. Frank Dillon contributes some Oriental views, like all others of the same class. The "Egyptian Well" (136) has some elements of novelty in it. We noticed another truthful but unpretending winter sketch in the "Ice Cart" (168), by G. A. Williams. There is a deep snow on the ground; and the reddened fog at sunset is well imagined. Mr. Frank Wyburd contributes two highly elaborated pictures. "Xarifa" (182) tells its own story from the well-known Spanish ballad. The lady, however, has no individuality. She is an ideal Moorish princess. The accessories are carefully studied; and the picture is sure to be popular. The other one, "Old Letters" (265), is less pleasing. A richly dressed young lady, attended by a duenna, is reading letters seated in an easy chair, with an unlocked casket on the table. It is scarcely more than a furniture piece. Far better than this is an adjacent picture by Mr. Eddis, called "A Study from Nature" (189). It is a full face view of a young girl, with black hair and beaming black eyes, very charmingly and feelingly treated. The colouring is very mellow and rich; but the handling is unequal. The snowdrops in her bosom are quite unfinished. Mr. Lance maintains his reputation by his gorgeous "Fruit Piece" (239); a gay melange of grapes and melons, and haunaps and china, backed up by crimson curtains. Next to it hangs Mr. Naish's "Tintagel Castle, Cornwall" (240). This is a very striking picture, and displays great power, showing the weatherbeaten ruins and the riven rocky cliffs in forcible contrast with the emerald turf and the dark blue sea. "The Name on the Tree" (247) is a promising figure piece by Mr. G. D. Leslie. Rosalind is imagined very happily, and there is something very attractive in her coquettish air. "The Lost Carcanet" (288) is another very able picture by the same artist. This is almost pre-Raphaelite in its treatment. The subject is a mediæval fortress with a moat, in which a serving-man is looking for the lost treasure, while the lady stands on the drawbridge, in deep anxiety for the success of his search. "Bruges" (253), by Mr. Montague, is not characteristic. The houses look more like the whitewashed cottages of

a Cambridgeshire village than the dwellings of an old-world town like Bruges. There is merit in Mr. Danby's modest sketch (268) from Lake Como; and Mr. Gilbert's "Morning Light upon the Hills" (274) is pretty enough. Even some humour and expression do not reconcile us to such a work as Mr. Hayllar's "Practical Joke" (283). It represents the scene in which Cromwell, having detected a chaplain making love to his daughter, compels him to marry the waiting woman. Such a story cannot be told by art so as to be made intelligible without a verbal explanation. By far the best piece of animal painting in the collection is Mr. T. Earl's "Twins" (322). This represents the heads of two Scotch deerhounds seen in profile. They are full of life and spirit; and the painting is careful and honest. Mr. Pyne has caught a poetic view of Venice, as approached by the railway, in his "Strada Farnata" (327). Far above the average of the gallery is Mr. Danby's "Cornish Wreckers" (345). The red sunset in this picture was not painted without intelligent study of nature. A picture by Mr. Buckner is conspicuous in the middle room for its true and powerful handling. This is his "Irish Peasant Girl" (350). But she is no peasant. She is a refined and well-bred young lady, who holds her dog in her arms. Few of the landscapes here exhibited surpass Mr. Cole's "On the Swale, Yorkshire" (359). Mr. Marshall Claxton's "Nuns' Escape—The Alarm Bell" (361), is a failure. The scene is exciting enough. Two nuns have let themselves down by sheets into a boat from a window of a moated convent. But neither the expression nor the accessories are satisfactory. We like very much Mr. W. Gale's picture (429) of a scene at Jerusalem. It represents a Greek woman, a pilgrim, standing in mute prayer at the door of the Tomb in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Doubtless it is a sketch from the life. It is very happy. Mr. Egley is out-growing his Præ-Raffaellitism, if we may judge from his rather unintelligible "Aurora" (436). There is a good landscape, the "Cascade" (443), called Whitfield Scar, by Mr. Gill, and a good architectural piece, "The Church of St. Jacques, Dieppe" (452), by Mr. Henshall. The "Algerian Burial Ground" (462), by Mad. Bodichon and Miss Smith, with its crowd of mourners, is only interesting as depicting a curious scene of Moorish life. We are glad to see a work by Mr. E. Lear. It is a most striking scene—an extraordinary limestone ravine with a blue streamlet at the bottom of the fissure, and a monastery, that of Zagóri, perched on the top. The place is near Janina in Epirus. Mr. W. Field attempts to depict a scene from Carlyle's *Cromwell* of three Royalist prisoners drawing lots who should die—a painful subject, not treated with much force. "Good night, Daddy" (506), by Mr. Nicol, is an imitation of Mr. Webster's style. "The Sea-Birds' Revel" (578), by Mr. Hargitt, is a mere daub of huge size. Finally, let us commend Mr. T. Danby's "Capel Curig Lake" (553)—a picture of great ability; and a very well chosen and boldly imagined view of Newcastle, with the high-level bridge spanning the town, by Mr. E. J. Niemann (571). Of the sculpture exhibited, the "Posthumous Statue of a Baby" (613), by Mr. Lough, is the only work which seems to us to deserve notice.

## REVIEWS.

### THE LETTERS OF HISTORICUS.\*

THE Letters of "Historicus" were so ably and clearly reasoned, and were addressed so aptly to the occasions which they were designed to illustrate, that they deserved a better fate than that of being hidden away in old files of the *Times*. It is true that they are only fragmentary, and are confined to the elucidation of particular points of international law which have engaged general attention since the beginning of the American war, and that, being designed to refute the errors of the ignorant and the misstatements of partisans, they make no pretension to the character of systematic statements. But the most valuable documents by which international law is made to assume a settled shape, and is brought home to the mind, are often pieces originally designed to meet a particular occasion, and incorporated into the general mass of legal authorities because they happen to put some doctrine in the precise way in which it is most convenient that it should be put. It is seldom that the doctrines of international law on debatable points have been stated with more vigour, precision, and certainty than by "Historicus;" and the success which has attended his attempts to put the subject before his countrymen illustrates very well what are the powers of mind that are needed for discussing questions of international law. It has been said that "Historicus" probably got all his authorities by turning to a text-book and then following up the references he found there. As this is exactly the course which any one who wishes to take up the subjects under discussion must necessarily pursue, it seems a rather unmeaning objection. But the objectors did mean something. They meant to suggest that international law is a matter which no one but a very learned man is competent to discuss, and that the real key to mastering it is a wide knowledge of all kinds of Dutch, French, and Italian commentators.

\* *Letters by Historicus on some Questions of International Law.* Reprinted from the *Times*. With considerable additions. London and Cambridge: Macmillan. 1862.

We conceive this to be an entire mistake. The authorities that are worth referring to on most points of international law are by no means numerous. Directly a writer attempts to treat the history of any particular question, he has, of course, to go into a great amount of historical details; but so far as the legal basis of his investigation goes, he is by no means in need of an acquaintance with a great variety of authors. If he is really familiar with Lord Stowell's Judgments, Kent's Commentaries, and Grotius, he knows quite enough to enable him to begin investigating. It is not learning that is wanted so much as a power of keeping the head straight, the power of asking a definite question and of answering it, the power of rejecting ornamental and vague talk, and keeping to argument that really is something like argument. "Historicus" has this power in a very high degree. He knows what is the point to be proved, and whether the proofs are strong or weak. There is always enough of research, but research is not the leading characteristic of his letters. That which distinguishes them is that he can reason and write. He states convincing arguments in a vigorous and impressive style.

Among his other labours, he has devoted considerable pains to exposing the fallacies and follies of a man who writes in exactly the opposite way—who has no conception either of the fixed principles of law, or of the reasoning by which deductions from these principles may be made, and whose sole notion of international law is that it consists of a set of fluctuating rules, which ought to be twisted so as to spite the English. The gross blunders of which "Historicus" convicts M. Hautefeuille are perfectly surprising. M. Hautefeuille is, in fact, one of those adversaries with whom it is disheartening to argue, because he has no conception of the difference between truth and falsehood. He is always stating something which is not in the least degree true, and arguing on it to the disadvantage of England. He lays down the astonishing proposition that for more than a century all nations, with the one single exception of England, have recognised the necessity of a blockade being efficient to be valid. "Historicus" naturally asks M. Hautefeuille whether he has, on the one hand, ever heard of the treaty of 1801, to which England was a party, and which expressly laid down that a port is only blockaded when evident danger is caused to any vessel attempting to enter it by ships of the belligerent being there, either stationary or sufficiently near; and whether, on the other hand, he remembers the Berlin decree, by which, "in the year after the battle of Trafalgar, when not a single French cruiser dared to flutter the tricolor on the face of the seas, the whole British Isles were declared in a state of blockade." It is something like crushing a butterfly under a wheel—to employ a metaphor made use of by "Historicus"—to demolish the arguments of a writer who writes in this random way. Nor is this gross ignorance or wanton overlooking of facts sufficiently common in English writers on international law to make the extinction of M. Hautefeuille's authority very instructive here. But M. Hautefeuille has a way, when he is hard up for arguments, of referring to a higher law—a law of nature—which shows he is somehow right; and as this kind of phraseology is not even now entirely exploded in England, the following passage may be advantageously studied on this side the Channel:—

Now, in this state of facts, your readers will probably be curious to know how M. Hautefeuille gets rid of the treaty of 1801, and thinks himself at liberty entirely to disregard the solemn abandonment by its authors of the pretensions asserted by the Armed Neutrality. This feat is accomplished by virtue of this ingenious publicist's *système*, which will be found developed in his treatise *Des Droits et Devoirs des Nations neutres*. A more original and singular process was probably never devised, even by a French author. According to M. Hautefeuille, all international law is divided into the "*loi primitive*" and the "*loi secondaire*." The "*loi secondaire*" consists in the principles and practice admitted and acted upon by nations, and the special legislation introduced by treaties; in short, what by ordinary mortals is called "international law." The "*loi primitive*," however, is a much more transcendental affair; it is the "*loi humaine et divine*." Where the institutes of this code are to be found, I have tried in vain to discover from M. Hautefeuille's writings. As far as I can comprehend them, it is a special revelation vouchsafed to the author by a Providence of exclusively Gallican sympathies. By the help of this potent instrument the "*loi secondaire*" becomes a mere plastic material in the hands of M. Hautefeuille, which he works into any shape he thinks fit. *Droit, adificat, mutat quadrata rotundis*. Whatever, in M. Hautefeuille's judgment, is consentaneous to the "*loi primitive*," he roundly asserts to be, and to have always been, the "law of nations;" but whatever part of the "*loi secondaire*" is deemed repugnant to that mysterious revelation, however much it may have been established by the consent and usage of nations, is deemed to be illegal and unjust. It is by virtue of this original and effectual "Cour de Cassation" established by M. Hautefeuille, of which he keeps the key in his own breast, and which confirms or revokes treaties and everything else, according to its good pleasure, that this ingenious writer deliberately over-rules the settlement of 1801, and re-establishes as the unquestionable and undisputed law of nations the abortive and repudiated doctrines of 1780.

Nothing could be better than the mode in which "Historicus" discusses the question as to the time when one nation may recognise the revolted States of another nation without giving legitimate cause of war to this nation. He successfully shows that the cases of recognition usually quoted—such as those of Belgium and Greece—were not cases of recognition, but of intervention; and that, as a matter of fact, we not only were prepared to go to war, but did go to war with Holland and Turkey on the point. We recognised the Spanish colonies, and the United States recognised Texas, only after the struggle between the revolted provinces and the parent State was virtually over; and "Historicus" shows that when France recognised the United States by entering into a treaty of commerce with them, England immediately treated this as a *casus belli*, without waiting for a distinct alliance



to be formed between the United States and France. Therefore the general rule is indisputably that stated by "Historicus"—viz. that if a State recognises revolted provinces before the struggle is over, the act is more than one of simple recognition, and becomes one of intervention. But "Historicus" seems to omit to pursue the inquiry quite as far as it might be carried. His discussion was limited by the special case he had in hand; but in a more extended investigation, it would be worth remarking that it is the recognising State which constitutes itself the judge of the fact that the struggle is over; and this is a fact which the nation engaged in suppressing the revolt will not easily permit foreigners to decide. The nations which, like Spain, have permitted foreign nations to decide this fact adversely to them, and yet have not gone to war, have been too weak to dare to go to war. But if the nation which cannot reconquer its revolted provinces is still strong enough to go to war with a foreign country, it is sure to do so if that foreign country recognises its revolted provinces before it does so itself. If England recognises the South before the North does, we may be sure that the North will instantly go to war with England if it dare. Consequently, it is at all times at the peril of war that revolted provinces are recognised before the parent State consents to the separation. When, therefore, we say that, before the struggle is virtually over, we may not, but after it is, in our opinion, virtually over we may, lawfully recognise revolted provinces, what we mean is, that although in both cases we take the risk of war, yet we give the parent State a fair chance if we wait; whereas, if we anticipate the seeming termination of the struggle, we ought to see that we are really intervening in the quarrel.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the questions treated by "Historicus" is that suggested by the case of the *Alabama*; and he lays down what we conceive to be the true doctrine, that a belligerent cannot complain if a neutral Sovereign permits ships and guns and other munitions of war to be sold to the other belligerent on the territory of the neutral. "Historicus" also lays down that if Englishmen in England build a ship of war with the intention of selling it to either belligerent, it is not an offence against the Foreign Enlistment Act; and apparently he is also of opinion that an English crew may take it to sell it to the belligerent, provided that the crew is sent solely for the commercial purpose, and is not intended to aid in fighting the ship. "Historicus" explains that he was not able to follow up the subject very far, because his professional avocations prevented him from going on further with it. His readers will sincerely regret this. He leaves off just where the discussion begins to be exciting. It is like a novelist saying that he is too much engaged to write the third volume. What we should like to know is what an English shipbuilder may do, and what he may not. A Confederate crew cannot be sent here and placed on board a ship in the Clyde; nor can an English crew be sent out with the purpose of fighting the enemy. So far is clear; but we confess we do not gather more than this from "Historicus." He does not tell us whether an English shipbuilder can be, or ought to be, prevented by our Government from building a ship of war in the Clyde, and fitting it with Armstrong guns, and then openly consigning it to a destination where he has contracted with the Confederate Government to carry it for sale. We should gather from the language of "Historicus" that he considers that our Government could not interfere, and that certainly the North could not call on it to interfere in such a case, provided that the shipbuilder could adduce satisfactory evidence to show that the ship was *bonâ fide* intended to be sent peacefully as a piece of merchandise, and that her English crew would make no resistance if she were captured by a Federal cruiser before she reached her destination. If this is the opinion of "Historicus," we should like further to know what are the circumstances which, in his opinion, shift the burden of proof, and impose on the shipbuilder the duty of showing the innocent purpose of the ship, instead of those impugning his conduct having to show the guilty purpose. There are many other points connected with the subject on which we regret "Historicus" has not had time or leisure to enlarge. We can only hope that if new *Alabamas* excite new interest, "Historicus" will be ready to take advantage of the opportunity, and to finish the discussion which he has already begun so well.

## SALAMMBO.\*

M. FLAUBERT, who a few years ago achieved a considerable reputation by the success of *Madame Bovary*, appears to belong to that school of French writers who think that they have an indisputable right to describe whatever exists. No matter how loathsome and repulsive an object may be, it is enough for them to know, or believe, that it either has been or is. Fair or foul, good or bad, it then falls equally within the domain of their art. M. Flaubert carries this principle to a length which to many Englishmen must seem positively incompatible with soundness of mind. There is nothing from which he shrinks. As if it were not enough to tell us that Hanno was horribly diseased, and that he was crucified, he actually bares the leprosy body before our loathing eyes, and describes it dropping piecemeal from the cross. This coarse and inhuman fidelity to the lowest instinct of the artist finds, we think, a parallel in the conduct of that passionate lover of the real in art who

called a slave, and coolly cut off his head to show the horrified painter, who had incorrectly drawn John the Baptist's severed head, how after decapitation the muscles of the neck contract. *Madame Bovary* contained some scenes which startled even the long-suffering squeamishness of Paris. But it was a trifle compared with *Salammbo*. We cannot believe that among the more thoughtful minds of Paris this book has excited any feeling but that of unmitigated contempt and disgust; but we have heard that in many circles it is greatly admired, and that in some it is even spoken of as a classic, while it is certain that it has, on one remarkable occasion, been signally distinguished by noble, and even august, patronage. It thus acquires an adventitious importance, and becomes worthy of study as the foulest fungus which has yet appeared on the unhealthy tree of Imperialism.

We do not wish to be confounded with those patriotic purists who discover, in every improper French novel or play, unmistakable proof of deep and wide-spread corruption at work in French society. On the contrary, we think that Englishmen, as a rule, form in this way very exaggerated notions. Of the innumerable tourists, now-a-days, who know enough English to write a tolerably smart article, and enough French to get hold of the plot of a novel or play—not always selected in the purest spirit of philosophical inquiry—there is not one in fifty who has any fair chance of testing his bookish theories by experience. For his knowledge of decent society in France he must trust almost entirely to literature, and he not unnaturally leans too much upon his guide. He makes no allowance for the constitutional and, still more, the traditional gallantry of a nation which has never plunged into the dull depths of English puritanism; and he comes away, after a month's stay at Paris, with a vague impression that their seventh commandment is a recognised national joke, and about as valid as our railway injunction not to fee porters, or the Oxford statute that undergraduates should wear no colour louder than "subfusc." Of course the light literature of a nation is always more or less an index of its morality and general tone; but it is an index which is sure to be overworked by superficial observers of alien institutions and alien modes of thought. Because English morality only allows a novelist to kill his neighbour—not to meddle with his neighbour's wife—it never seems to occur to a great many Englishmen that French writers may, after all, be merely making the same sort of sensational capital out of the seventh commandment which we get out of the sixth. Doubtless M. Assolant, after blundering through two or three of our sensation novels, concludes that an intimate acquaintance with the matrimonial use of poisons and precipitates is an essential element in the education of the "Milady Misses" of Belgravia. Or, after spelling out the *Times*, he may shrewdly conjecture that, in order to put a stop to the uncivilized sale of wives at Smithfield, the English Government, as represented by the Lord Mayor, has contracted with Sir Cresswell Cresswell to divorce the whole nation at the rate of so many couples a day. What opinion a credulous and timid foreigner who goes to our stage for a reflex of our manners must have of us, we are really afraid to think. Tremendous headers into unseen feather-beds to bring up moist and half-murdered heroines—moonlight assassinations of the wrong man—villanous abductions, usually in thunder and lightning, of drugged duchesses, must send him home trembling to his hotel, with a vague feeling that he would be much safer on the top of Mount Vesuvius, or over a powder magazine anywhere on the Continent.

If, therefore, *Salammbo* were only an exaggeration of the traditional type of the French novel, we should not consider it as necessarily indicating the hard and gross materialism to which a despotism naturally tends. But its author has altogether left the beaten track—he has completely emancipated himself from *bourgeois* traditions—and, without any pressure, has deliberately selected for the delectation of a French audience a theme which the pen of an archangel could scarcely make other than disgusting and impure. Choosing the historical novel as the best vehicle for the display of his antiquarian research, and with the whole world before him, he has turned to perhaps the blackest page in the annals of violence and crime. We are called on to wade, step by step, through all the slaughter and atrocity of the war which Carthage waged for three years with her revolted mercenaries—a deadly struggle which, even in those days, obtained by its preeminent ferocity the name of the Inexpiable War. Its brutality is described with the exactness of a criminal indictment, and the framework selected to set it off is an elaborate reproduction of the hideous and grotesque mythology which belonged to one of the corruptest forms of Paganism. We have a right to complain, not only that the book is devilish in its unearthly sensuality, but that its devils are of a very low and vulgar type. We never fully appreciated the assertion that the Prince of Darkness is, after all, a gentleman, until we found ourselves dragged, by this caterer for the morbid appetites of the nineteenth century, into closest contact with such unsavoury fiends as Baal, Moloch, and "all the abominations of the Sidonians." We can never get out of an atmosphere of misshapen monsters in every size and variety. Many-breasted goddesses, obscene emblems, pet pythons, sacred apes, dead sphinxes, live lions, over-scented priestesses, and pale priests—all jumbled up with slaughter, famine, torture, disease, and every form of sensuality—make a monstrous picture, utterly unlike anything we have ever met, or, we fancy, anything that Mr. Martin, after the wildest excesses upon Welsh rabbit and lobster, ever dreamed.

\* *Salammbo*. Par Gustave Flaubert. Paris: 1863.

It might be the nightmare of a criminal, diseased in body and mind, and condemned to be thrown on the morrow to unclean beasts. Or if a Chinese temple, a menagerie, a *parc aux cerfs*, and a plague-pit could all be thrown together, a medical student of the coarsest French type might, perhaps, under the influence of opium, and from a sensational point of view, write some such account of them for a very depraved audience. Possibly M. Flaubert would tell us that such censure is the highest praise, inasmuch as it has been his deliberate aim to produce a picture, revolting from its very fidelity, of the monstrous heathen world. If so, the effort is condemned by its success. It is a mistake in art—the mistake which Southey made when he turned to the Hindoo mythology in order to be original, and succeeded only in being grotesque. Southey's treatment, however, is pure. But what should be the verdict upon a writer who, making the most of the slender materials at his disposition, and dramatizing the 19th chapter of Genesis, brought before us what he honestly believed to be a faithful picture of the state of society which existed in the Cities of the Plain, and then called on us to applaud its vigour and truth? Yet there are parts of *Salammbô* which read like the second satire of Juvenal, with the fierce indignation of the satirist toned down by a commentator who, in the most reckless spirit of realism, accepts with the same cynical indifference vice or virtue, purity or filth.

There is, indeed, one episode—and, we believe, only one—in the history of the Inexpiable War, which, in proper hands, might be worked up into a story fit for human readers. Navarvas, a Numidian (who, for some inscrutable reason, becomes Narr'Havas in the French), deserts to Hamilcar, and is rewarded by the hand of his daughter. Sir Walter Raleigh, guilty, perhaps, of an anachronism which few will not readily pardon, pictures the young chief dazzled by the chivalrous qualities of the great commander, and eager to become his son-in-law. The French writer turns it into a *mariage de convenance*, contrived by a father to hide a daughter's shame and secure a serviceable ally. Before her betrothal to Narr'Havas, Salammbô has been long fiercely pursued by Matho, the Libyan, a two-eyed Polyphemus, who tumbles over his huge head and ears in love at first sight of Galatea. After a vain assault upon her garden-gate, he gives himself up to the profoundest melancholy. He is obliged with the other mercenaries to quit Carthage. His long legs trail listlessly on the ground on either side of his wretched mule. All day he gazes into space, and all night he blubbers with the energy of a French Achilles. He throws himself on the bosom of his friend Spendius, sobbing like a sick girl. Spendius, formerly employed in carrying ladies for sale to Cyprus, takes a practical view of the matter, and suggests remedies some of which would, we think, astonish the author of the *Remedia Amoris*, and perhaps our readers still more. We give one for the benefit of any love-frenzied young gentleman who may be lucky enough to find himself in a kitchen full of black beetles, not in the hearing of a magistrate—"Crie, blasphème, ravage et tue," disait Spendius—"la douleur s'apaise avec du sang, et puisque tu ne peux pas assouvir ton amour, gorge ta haine."

Matho swears, kills, and throws himself about, like an impaled cockchafer; but all in vain. The mercenaries have by this time begun to besiege Carthage. Spendius, a subtle Greek, resolves to turn to account the pitiable spooniness of his big friend. He knows that, if he can steal out of the city the "zaimph," or mystic veil of the great goddess Tanit, Carthage must fall. It is to the Carthaginian what the Palladium was to the Trojan—what the British jury-box is to the orthodox Englishman. Matho eagerly embraces his proposal that they should enter Carthage. By a series of feats which make us blush for the patriotic pride we have hitherto felt in Jack Sheppard, they climb the walls—thread their way through endless temples, half stifled by sleeping rows of pomatumed priestesses—kill a priest, and seize the zaimph. Matho insists on taking it to show Salammbô; and Spendius, as a smaller man, is obliged to give in, and leave him, and somehow slides down the wall. Matho walks straight, without once asking his way, to Salammbô's bedroom, and frightens her terribly by his Libyan method of making love, and still more by the sight of the awful zaimph. Her attendants, rushing in, are even more frightened, the eunuchs actually "turning pale under their dark skin." Matho sees his advantage, slips his head through the zaimph, and coolly walks through the city, the inhabitants cursing and howling, but not daring to approach the mystic veil—all their arrows and javelins, mercifully misdirected by the novelist, falling short. With the zaimph goes the fortune of Carthage, and at last Salammbô is sent to recover it from Matho. She enters alone the tent of the Libyan Holophernes, into which we dare not follow her. However, without cutting off his head, she recovers the zaimph, and Fortune's fickle smile is transferred to Carthage. After about one hundred and fifty pages which would furnish materials for at least two copies of the *Lancet*—so full are they of blood, bones, disease, torture, cannibalism, crucifixion, and mutilation—Matho, the last of the mercenaries, has a noose thrown over his head as he is rushing about "stark naked" among his dead comrades in search of a weapon. He is brought to Carthage, and made to run the gauntlet of the citizens, who prick and prod him with their daggers and knives till, covered with blood, he falls at the foot of the terrace, on which by the side of her triumphant lover, Narr'Havas, stands Salammbô, on whom the victim's glazing eyes fasten in death. The priest of Tanit tears out the reeking heart, and holds it up as an offering to the setting sun. As he does so, Salammbô—whether from pity, poison,

love, or the homicidal mania of the novelist, we cannot say—falls lifeless to the ground.

We cannot honestly deny that, in spite of its improbability and absurdity, there are descriptions in the book which evince considerable power of a certain kind. But as we can only judge of power by its effects, it is not easy to say how much the author owes to his own treatment, and how much to the nature of his subject. A writer who does not shrink from minutely describing the body of a bloated sensualist as it hangs from the cross, and, whether in the torture-chamber or the battle-field, throws in every detail of horror more in the spirit of an anatomist than in that of an artist, has, from one point of view, an incalculable advantage over a writer who is under the ordinary restraints of decency and art. He enjoys the same sort of advantage as that which makes a thoroughly coarse-minded man, without ability or wit, a more dangerous antagonist in the drawing-room than Jerrold or Foote. It is to be questioned whether a non-professional reader who had the courage to wade through occasional letters in the *Lancet* might not be affected as powerfully as he is affected by *Salammbô*. The style seems to us forcible and clear. Nor can we deny that the author appears to have thoroughly mastered all the available information respecting the subject of which he treats, and to have at least wrought out in his own mind a wondrously vivid conception of Carthaginian life. Here and there, indeed, his antiquarian researches are thrust upon us with a pedantry which is intensely ludicrous. Nor, when we compare his minute and exhaustive description of the Carthaginians in their public and private life—of their temples, gardens, and kitchens—with the scanty and slender data within reach of the most laborious historian, is it possible to help feeling that M. Flaubert imagines that he can restore a forgotten past with the same sort of neatness and nicety with which Professor Owen might construct an antediluvian monster from a single bone. This, however, it is only fair to acknowledge, is nothing more than a general impression. We cannot undertake to challenge in detail M. Flaubert's elaborate account. But our impression is very much strengthened by finding that, when we get M. Flaubert on to ground in which an ordinary critic can cope with him, he is guilty of the grossest errors. He blunders about such a subject as the age of the great Hannibal. He tells us that Hanno, the rival of Hamilcar and leader of the peace-party at Carthage, was crucified—confounding him probably with a much smaller man of the same name killed in Sardinia, or with a general named Hannibal, who was put to death exactly under the circumstances ascribed to Hanno. He describes Spendius, leader of the mercenaries, as a man of small stature, and half a coward, half a desperado; whereas, if we are to prefer Polybius to M. Flaubert, he was a man of huge frame and indomitable courage. Navarvas is, in Polybius, a man of a noble nature. Narr'Havas is a traitor, who only wants courage to be an assassin. His conception of Hamilcar is as like the ordinary conception of the man who told the Romans that "he warred not with the dead, but with the living," as the "Mr. Samuel Macbeth" of Talfourd is like the Macbeth of Shakspeare. But of course these faults—with the exception, perhaps, of the last—need not injure a novel. In Scott's mediæval novels there are many such errors. We only mention them because they raise justifiable doubts as to the accuracy of M. Flaubert's more crude antiquarianism. His faults as a novelist lie far deeper. Macaulay prefers the Greeks of Shakspeare, although they quote Aristotle under the walls of Troy, to the Greeks of Racine, for the simple reason that the former are, at any rate, human beings. M. Flaubert's Carthaginians may, for what we know, wear clothes of the correctest Carthaginian cut, and, in fighting, swearing, praying, and cooking, they may adhere closely to the customs of the country. We concede this, not because we think it at all probable, but because we are not in a position to dispute it. But we feel justified in assuming, *à priori*, that the Carthaginians were human beings, and this M. Flaubert's characters most decidedly are not. We can only recall one scene in which there is a touch of that better nature which makes the whole world kin—where Hamilcar is ordered to sacrifice Hannibal to Moloch; and even here the sorrow is not so much that of a father about to lose his only son, as that of a general who is being robbed of an instrument devised for the ruin of Rome; while our pity for Hamilcar is speedily swallowed up in our horror at the brutal indifference with which he substitutes for Hannibal the son of a slave. Salammbô, the heroine, reminds us about as much of flesh and blood as Undine reminds us of snail talk and crinoline. Half Messalina, half Madonna, she glides about, sinning and praying, like a phantom or a dream. It may be said, in defence, that she is, in some strange sense, under the influence of the moon, and that "once she nearly died, during an eclipse." We have, fortunately, never encountered a moon-struck Miss—Carthaginian or Christian; and if the author can establish his right to create one, she is, of course, placed above our criticism. Similarly, if an author were once allowed to create a heroine with a new and hitherto undiscovered cerebral relation to the centre of the earth, which compelled her always to walk upon her head, no just critic could deny that he was not merely entitled, but bound, to modify materially the ordinary human heroine's conduct and costume.

It may surprise some of our readers to be told that, if we except here and there a powerful passage, the book, where it is not disgusting, is decidedly dull. One would not certainly expect to suffer from ennui in walking through a lazaret-house. But the fact is, that it is thoroughly wanting in human interest. There is not one character for whom we can get up any admiration or sympathy. There is no plot worthy of the name. Above all, the



author suffers from a deficiency of humour which alone would be fatal to any but a very high order of genius. Notwithstanding that there is so much which is incongruous and odd, there is yet not a gleam of humour. There are, indeed, one or two scenes which might be humorous if they were not horrible; and a mind as morbidly constituted as the author's may, perhaps, get some amusement out of them. We have Hanno, for instance, wallowing, like some unclean monster, in his medicinal bath, and managing, at the same time, to gorge as much as the Greek physician at his side will allow him, to dictate despatches, and to thunder threats at three helpless prisoners, with whose blood, when he has gloated long enough over their fear, he rubs his leprous limbs. To this want of humour we may perhaps attribute some scenes that are positively silly. Hamilcar, in the Hall of Council, beards the merchant-princes of Carthage—the most powerful and pitiless oligarchy, perhaps, of the old world—with a vulgar violence worthy of a brawler at the Jardin Mabille, or a bully at a second-rate school. He chafes Hanno about his bulk, denounces the Senators as liars, cowards, and slaves, and gets twitted himself, in return, on his daughter's weakness for a barbarian. But all these defects are swallowed up in the fault which makes *Salammbo*, from first to last, one huge blot upon the honour of French literature, and even upon humanity—we mean its debased and monstrous brutality. We turn from it to the ordinary novel with the same feeling of intense relief with which a traveller at Paris steps out from the Morgue, with its ghastly row of putrefying bodies, into the pure fresh air of summer day.

#### THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.\*

SIR CHARLES LYELL'S new work is of a composite character, consisting partly, as the title indicates, of a summing up of the geological evidences of the antiquity of man, partly, of remarks on theories of the origin of species by variation, and partly, it must be added, of disquisitions which, though most valuable and interesting in themselves, do not bear very directly upon either the one question or the other. Under the last category we must include the greater part of Chapters XIII., XIV., and XV.; for though they deal with one of the most interesting of geological epochs—that during which all the events of the glacial period took place—yet, as one of the author's main objects is to prove that the records of man are all post-glacial in date, they can hardly be said to form any part of his history, and still less of a discussion upon the origin of species in general. Strictly speaking, the work is a trilogy, the constituent elements of which should be headed respectively, Prehistoric Man, Ice, and Darwin. In our notice of this remarkable work we confine ourselves entirely to a recapitulation of the writer's arguments and conclusions.

The story of prehistoric man is developed in the first twelve chapters; and those who wish to comprehend their real significance will do well to take the book down to that very pleasant little sea-side place, Cromer, and, strolling northward or southward by Mundesley, or Bacton, or Runton, along the far-stretched beach which skirts the long range of variegated cliffs of this part of Norfolk, to open its pages at Chapter XII.—which contains an excellent description of the geological phenomena to be seen here—and commence their studies *sub Dio*. Forming the upper cap of these cliffs, and reaching a thickness of at most eighty or a hundred feet, is a mass of clay, with irregular beds of sand and loam above it. The surface of this accumulation is covered by gravel and soil, and it has been deposited upon the denuded surface of the great chalk formation. If there be anything like a complete series of the known fossiliferous rocks underneath Cromer, we shall speak well within limits in ascribing a vertical thickness of at least ten miles to them. Therefore, regarded geologically, so much of the Norfolk cliffs as lies above the chalk is but a mere superficial film of the earth's crust—a lamina not one five-hundredth of the thickness of the whole, so that it is less important in relation to the entire series than the surface soil is to the cliff. Yet the greater part of Sir Charles Lyell's twelfth chapter is devoted, and worthily devoted, to a discussion of the significance of this film, which, as a mark of time, separates the oldest relics of man's handiwork from all the older remains of animal life.

The meaning of this apparently insignificant cap of clay and loam is made most apparent by the study of its individual constituents. Carefully examined, the clay exhibits a singular peculiarity. It is full of great irregular stones, not waterworn, but with all their angles entire and their surfaces rough. There are blocks of granite as much as six or eight feet long, irregular masses of syenite, porphyry, trap, oolite, and lias, and chalk, many of which could not by any possibility have been derived from any spot within a hundred miles of Cromer, and some of which have been traced step by step by the geologist to their original home in the heart of the mountains of Scandinavia. At the bottom of this "drift," as it is technically called, and covered by it, lie the remains of a wide-spread forest of Scotch and spruce firs—neither of which trees are now indigenous in the east of England—with oaks and alders, sloes and yews. Squirrels sported in this ancient forest, and their busy teeth have stripped many a cone of the spruce of its scales, just as their living descendants do now. Snails of living species crept among the

foliage, and insects familiar to the English entomologist haunted the roots and trunks, or flew between the branches of the trees; while the bones of pigs, horses, and oxen, testify that such animals roamed through the open as they do now in the well-cultivated fields of the East country, and in a climate which doubtless was very similar to, though perhaps more extreme than, that which now exists. But the squirrels of the buried forest looked down upon other animals which must have imparted a strangely foreign aspect to the ancient landscape. Herds of mammoths, and of two other species of elephants, like the mammoth, long since extinct, with a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus, and a beaver—also of species which have now no living representatives—have left their bones and teeth among the lignite beds furnished by the decay of the fallen trees.

The greatest thickness of this "forest bed" is perhaps ten feet; and yet to what a lapse of time does it testify! For not only are the erect stools of the trees sometimes two or three feet in diameter, their rings of growth bearing witness to centuries of undisturbed existence, but this ten feet of deposit—this film within a film of the earth's outer coat—contains "alternations of pluvial and marine strata, implying that the old forest land, which may at first have been considerably elevated above the level of the sea, had sunk down so as to be occasionally overflowed by a river, and at other times by the salt-waters of an estuary." At length the whole forest must have been depressed far below the level of the sea; for the nature of the travelled blocks contained in the superjacent clay, the scratches upon their surface, and the numerous signs of disturbance in the stratified mud and loam, afford irrefragable testimony that clay, blocks, and sand were deposited at the bottom of an ocean which was traversed by icebergs, carrying their load of stones and of dirt from far distant regions, and contorting the muddy and sandy layers of the shores on which they grounded. After an unknown lapse of time, the accumulated mud and sands of the then icy eastern seas were upheaved, and became dry land. The rain-fall of that dry land found its way seaward in the form of rivers, which by degrees first cut down channels through the new land, and then tended to fill them up with new alluvial deposit. Such an old river-bed, largely filled up again, is to be seen in a hollow of the drift at Mundesley, about a couple of miles south of Cromer. The deposit brought down by the ancient stream contains teeth and scales of pike, perch, roach, and salmon, of beetles, shells, and plants, identical with living species. And it is in the river gravels of Hoxne, of Bedford, of Amiens, and of Abbeville—which Sir Charles Lyell, with much reason, regards as of the same age as these Mundesley fresh water strata—or in the contents of caves which are supposed to have been filled at the same epoch, that the oldest known remains of man have been found, in the shape of worked flints, bone implements, and, in the case of the Belgian caves, of veritable human bones.

Why all this coil about the Antiquity of Man, then, it may be asked, if, in reality, he can only be traced back into the uppermost layers of a deposit so insignificant, geologically speaking, that thirty years ago it would all have been put down as "diluvium," and would have been ascribed to the sweeping wash of some sudden cataclysm, even if it escaped being cited as evidence of the Noachian deluge? The reply to this not unnatural inquiry is to be found at length in the first eleven chapters of the work before us. It is simply because, just as careful investigation has proved the undermost film or "forest bed" of the Cromer Cliffs to indicate a vast lapse of time, and a long succession of life with slow changes of physical condition, so it has demonstrated that which corresponds with the uppermost film—these ancient river beds and their contents—to be the indicators of periods no less vast, and the cemeteries of animal forms no less unlike those which now inhabit the same localities. The bottom of the valley of the Somme about Abbeville and Amiens is covered, to a thickness of thirty feet or more, with a layer of peat which must all have been formed since the face of the country has taken its present configuration. Peat is a very slow-growing substance, so slow that its increase in thickness has been estimated as little more than an inch in a century; and even if this estimate be trebled or quadrupled, the peat bed will still indicate a wonderful lapse of time. Remains of animals of living species are scattered throughout the thickness of this peat, and its uppermost layers contain abundant relics of Roman and Gallo-Roman art, while in its deeper parts these are replaced by purely Celtic tools and weapons. The Somme now winds its way through the peat; but the sides of the wide valley in the chalk, which it has excavated, bear witness to its having formerly occupied a very different position. At two different levels, the higher of which is more than a hundred feet above the present surface of the river, beds of fluviatile gravel, containing bones of elephants, of rhinoceroses, of hyenas, and of cave tigers, rest upon the chalk, and are covered over with thick beds of loam. It is in these beds of gravel, and mingled with the remains of the extinct mammals, that the flint implements which have attracted so much attention, and the artificial character of which has now been placed beyond a shadow of doubt, are found in such great abundance.

So that, looking upon the question no longer from the geological, but from the historical point of view, the antiquity of man assumes quite new proportions. The record of the historical period is all comprised within the upper layers of the peat—of that there can be no doubt. But the growth of the peat could not even have commenced until the lower-level gravels had not only been deposited, but had been cut through again by the slow wear

\* *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man; with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. 1863.

of the river; and the formation of the lower-level gravels themselves could by no possibility have commenced until the upper gravels had been deposited, and had, with the subjacent chalk, been again denuded down to the level of the lower gravels. But every pebble of the gravel took time to be rounded by rubbing against its fellow; every grain of the superjacent loam took time to be washed from some higher point; every bone of a full-grown mammoth took many years to attain its adult state; every intercalated bed of land or fresh water shells, though it be but a few inches thick, accumulated slowly and gradually; and the insignificance of the changes which the beds of the Nile, the Mississippi, the Ganges, or the cataract of Niagara have undergone in the historical period affords the best evidence of the extreme slowness with which a river cuts down and removes its own alluvium and underlying rock.

The attempts which have been made by the Swiss geologists and archaeologists to obtain some measure in years of the antiquity of their pile-works are undoubtedly, in the words of Sir Charles Lyell, "full of promise, and deserve every attention." But, however long the string of ciphers which follows the numeral expressing the result to which such investigations lead, we doubt if it will leave upon the mind so just an impression of the antiquity of man as the thoughtful pondering over the succession of events in the valley of the Somme since the fabricator of the *haches* and *langues de chat* first became its inhabitant. And the lesson which is taught by the valley of the Somme is only confirmed and expanded by the studies of the archaeologist and the geologist in other parts of Europe. Man was certainly contemporaneous with the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and the cave hyena; but, long after these creatures had ceased to exist, a race of men lived in Northern and Central Europe, who had advanced a little further in civilization, using ground (and not merely chipped) flint implements, but still living on the produce of the chase, and burying their dead in the sitting posture in rude stone sepulchres. After these, a people so far advanced in art as to fabricate weapons of bronze, who burned their dead, practised the culture of cereals, and were not devoid of the fruits of commerce, possessed the land; and that wave of population was followed by yet another, of workers in iron. So long did these periods last, that, in Denmark, the virgin pine forests which covered the country before the men of the ground-flint weapons dwelt in it had time to die out, and be replaced by forests of oak; and these also vanished, and were succeeded by the beech woods in which the modern Danes glory, before the men who slew their game and their foes with iron made their appearance. But at the dawn of history, the men of the iron age were the possessors of the soil, and recognised no predecessors. So, again, the people who, through a long series of ages since the time of the Mammoth, dwelt in the pile-works of the Swiss lakes, passed through a succession of similar advances in civilization; but they themselves and their handiworks had sunk into oblivion before the Romans conquered Helvetia. "Time, time, and yet more time," is the cry of the student of antiquity, whether he work from the geological, the archaeological, or the philological side; and the searcher after primeval Man is as one using an inverted telescope which lengthens as he seeks, and throws the object of his investigation ever farther and farther off.

We have endeavoured in this notice simply to indicate the nature of the argument which is so fully and clearly stated in the first part of Sir Charles Lyell's work. If occasion serves, we may hereafter consider the other parts of the trilogy.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS—AMATEUR PLAYING.

WHY is it that we experience a sudden chill at an evening party when a lady or gentleman sits down to the pianoforte? Why do the critical few instinctively begin to rub up their casuistry for some phrase with which to greet the conclusion of the performance, which, without being flagrantly false, shall be decently civil? And why do the amiable many so often secretly confess that the pleasure they derive from "a little music" is usually of the mildest kind, and not altogether free from disappointment? In a word, why do English ladies and gentlemen—allowing, of course, for many exceptions—play so badly? The answer may be given in a few words. The majority play ill because they attempt that which is beyond their power, and neglect that which is within it. Three elements go to make up a good musical performance—touch, expression, and manual dexterity. Nine players out of ten devote their chief attention to the acquisition of the last of these three, and comparatively neglect the other two. They aim at playing music which demands a degree of dexterity which cannot possibly be attained without such an amount of labour as few amateurs can give, and still fewer will give. It is utterly impossible to play difficult compositions with perfect accuracy, with less than three or four hours' daily practice. Some music demands almost double that habitual toil. Hence our drawing-room performances are so often nothing but well-meant and laborious failures. Even when the mere notes are correctly given, there is a total absence of that style and finish, without which the most faultless execution is but an emulation of the feats of a barrel organ.

What the amateur player should aim at is such a touch and power of expression as may enable him to offer a perfect performance of works moderately easy of execution. For this purpose he must labour at the mere finger work till he can play the notes with the most absolute ease, for, until that ease is attained, it is

hopeless to think of expressive playing. Thousands of players fail because they can only just master the mechanical difficulties of the compositions they attempt. Their whole attention being given to the avoidance of blunders, the mind is not at liberty to devote itself to the rendering of the true meaning of the musical phrases. In pieces presenting no serious difficulties, this mechanical mastery may be obtained by the amateur, and in such cases he may fairly hope to compete with the professional player, because he then stands on equal ground. There is no reason why he should not both understand and feel what he plays as well as his rival. Understanding and feeling are the results of thought, education, musical sensibility, and love for the art, of all which the professional player has no monopoly. So with the charm of a good touch. This essential element in an agreeable performance is, to a great extent, a natural gift. It is given to some men and some women, as the poetic gift is born and not manufactured. It is the result of a special formation of the bones and tendons of the hand and arm, combined with an exquisite sensitiveness in the nerves of the finger; and to these must be added a refined organization in the brain, by which the player is enabled to comprehend the infinite variations of tone produced by modifications of touch. No doubt the gift of touch is susceptible of vast improvement by cultivation, but that cultivation demands an amount of labour that is trifling compared with the incessant toil which can alone ensure a high degree of mere execution.

We have been tempted to these remarks by the completion of a revised edition of Stephen Heller's *Pianoforte Studies*\*, as there exists no similar work so well calculated to aid the amateur in learning to play good music as it ought to be played. The studies of Cramer, Kalkbrenner, and others, are admirable as helps to the acquisition of manual dexterity, but they do little else. Heller's fifteen books, on the contrary, mainly consist of short pieces, the majority of them requiring no extraordinary executive ability, while many are very easy; and they are framed for the very purpose of teaching people not only to play notes, but to play music. They suggest to the student how he should execute every passage, whether for the right hand or the left, with that breadth of light and shade which constitutes what is termed "phrasing," and without which a composer's idea can never be presented to the listener. Without good phrasing, no musical thoughts can be presented as a whole, and no impression of vigour, mastery, and intellectual power can be conveyed. Unhappily, it is rarely heard, even with professional players; and we too often get nothing but a patchy, spotty, and unmeaning collection of sounds. In addition, it is the object of M. Heller to teach the pupil to appreciate those innumerable gradations in loudness, touch, and the use of the pedals, which constitute the further elements of expressive playing. No other living writer could have produced so large a number of movements, almost all of them pleasing and many quite beautiful—exhibiting, moreover, a wonderful variety of fancy and treatment, and as full of thought as of gaiety and tenderness.

M. Heller is, indeed, one of the very few living composers who can be said to have a style of their own. It is not framed on an elaborate contrapuntal system, but it is real and genuine, and the fruit of imagination, not of bare painstaking. Among other peculiarities, he has a knack of making both hands play short phrases in unison, in a quaint novel fashion, quite unlike the ordinary unisonous passages of older styles. Then, again, he entertains a supreme disregard for the ancient orthodox rule which forbids "consecutive fifths," introducing them at times with an effect which confirms the views of those who hold the rule to be, in its rigour, a mere superstition. In one of the most popular of his compositions, the "Wanderstunden," occurs a striking passage in which the two hands play identically the same notes, and perfect fifths succeed one another in most heretical freedom. In one of the studies before us—No 5 of book 7—we have bar after bar of the excommunicated fifths, forming the whole bass of the melody; and a very pleasant, though unaccustomed, effect they produce.

Another lately completed new edition of the pianoforte works of a greater name supplies an ample field for amateur study and home performance. M. Charles Hallé's edition of *Mozart's Sonatas*† is a treasure for all those who have an ear and a heart for beauty, though clothed in a slightly old-fashioned dress. To the devotee of the fashionable fireworks school, many of these charming Sonatas will seem formal and wanting in fire and energetic passion. But as a play of Shakspeare is to an Adelphi melodrama, such is Mozart to the noisy exaggerations which are now esteemed the natural expression of feeling and force. Some of them, such as the universally known Sonata and Fantasia marked Nos. 16 and 17 in Hallé's edition, are sufficiently difficult to tax the skill of really good players. Others are easily played, so far as the notes are concerned. All, however, need a special clearness and brilliancy of touch and breadth of style, while the slow movements demand the utmost grace and tenderness that are possessed by the most accomplished player. It is in these that Mozart's divine gift of tune shines most conspicuous, and the melody goes on unfolding itself with that unrivalled ease and sweetness which suggests the opening of the budding flowers in a garden.

The development of the sonata from the forms of Mozart to those of Beethoven is one of the most profitable of studies to the

\* *Stephen Heller's Pianoforte Studies*. In 15 books. Thoroughly revised and partly rewritten. Ashdowne & Parry.

† *Mozart's Sonatas*. Edited by C. Hallé. Chappell & Co.



thoughtful player; and its growth in the hands of Beethoven himself, advancing from his earliest, dedicated to Haydn, to the marvellous Adagio—the last song of the dying swan—with which the series concludes, is equally full of interest and instruction. To feel all the pathos in this last sonata, numbered 33 in Hallé's edition\*, it should be remembered that its composer never heard its sounds, as it was written long after his deafness had become total. Of this edition, as of the Mozart, we should add that every awkward passage is skilfully fingered by the editor—an advantage not to be overlooked by those who know that a good tone cannot be obtained without good fingering.

As we have been speaking of easy music, we may recommend to those who are on the look-out for some work for home singing, a new cantata, *Harvest Home*†, by Mr. G. B. Allen. We have here above a dozen songs, duets and choruses, with incidental dance music, full of tune, thoroughly English in style, and presenting no difficulties whatsoever. A prettier thing of the kind we do not know. The rustic idea is preserved throughout, and we can only lament that the actual singing of English swains is so grievously unlike Mr. Allen's refined ideal. Now and then, as in the song, "My own dear native Fields," and the duet, "Be still, O ye Winds," the composer shows an undeniable capacity for a higher style of composition than that to which he has here restricted himself.

From the flood of new single songs and ballads we may name a few that are above the usual standard of common-place. Such are Mr. Smart's *The Pure in Heart*‡, a really good song, bearing the Mendelssohnian impress, but not the worse for that, and the same composer's *Waiting for the Spring*, and *Thinking of Thee*, all three for a contralto voice. Mr. Smart has, moreover, the art of choosing the fitting style of accompaniment for his melodies—a matter much more difficult than our ballad-makers seem to be aware. A thoroughly new accompaniment to a song is to be rarely looked for, but of existing forms there is a large choice, and it is only the true musician who can choose well. Three new Italian songs by P. D. Guglielmo—*Il primo Sorriso*, *Zora*, and *Alla mia Maria*§, are of the established canzone type which seems to be so natural to the Italian musician. They are somewhat slight, and we cannot congratulate Signor Guglielmo on his poetry. It is a little late in the day to compare one's love to an angel in three songs. The melodies, however, are pretty and flowing, and it is a lamentable truth that few singers think much about the words. Of single pieces for the piano, we have two fresh *Romances sans Paroles*||, by Heller, the second of them especially characteristic and effective; a good adagio, *Orfanello*¶, by René Favarger, plaintive and well carried out; and a new edition, fingered by Hallé, of Schubert's agreeable, but rather laboured, *Impromptu*\*\* Op. 142. Schumann's *Slumber Song*††, a sweet and airy movement, is just the kind of music we have suggested to players of fair skill as being worth studying in order to play well.

#### MR. FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.‡‡

MR. FREEMAN has undertaken to write the history of Federal Government, and the present volume is the first instalment of his work. His conception of his task will lead him to write the history of every people that has adopted federal institutions, but to write the history of each only within such limits as may best illustrate the working of federal government. Thus, the Holy Roman Empire, notwithstanding the great space it fills in the history of the world, will not detain him long. Its government, indeed, was modified by the federal principle; but in it the federal principle was not predominant, nor was it exhibited in a perfect form. Far the greater portion of its history, therefore, is irrelevant to the history of Federalism. But there are, or there have been, other nations, in the whole, or in nearly the whole, of whose political life Federalism has been the determining element. Of these "more illustrious examples of federal government," Mr. Freeman is to give us not mere sketches, nor mere notes of the particular points in which they illustrate federal principles, but—if we are to judge from the present volume—constitutional histories, in the sense in which Mr. Hallam wrote the constitutional history of England. Mr. Freeman's work, therefore, resolves itself into two parts. He is to be the constitutional historian of the Achæan League, of the Swiss League, of the United Provinces, and of the United States; and he is to be the author of a treatise on federal government. But in the composition of his work, the two undertakings are fused together. It opens, indeed, with an essay on federal government, but the opening disquisition is continued through, and interwoven with, the history of the Achæan League, which follows. Enough has been said to show that the task Mr. Freeman has undertaken is one of great

magnitude and importance. It is also a task of an almost entirely novel character. No other work professing to give the history of a political principle occurs to us, except the slight contribution to the history of representative government that is contained in a course of M. Guizot's lectures. But we cannot conceive a more useful addition to political philosophy than a history of representative, of democratic, of constitutional, of oligarchical, or of federal government. The history of the development of a principle is at least as important as the history of a dynasty or of a race. And it is just such a history that Mr. Freeman has now commenced. There is also a special advantage in the line of study Mr. Freeman has chosen. Many elaborate histories are spoilt by reason of the limited knowledge of general history possessed by their authors. A man undertakes to write the history of the Thirty Years' War, or of the Fronde, or of the Tudors, though he is ignorant of the previous or contemporary history, without an acquaintance with which the greatest acuteness will not save him from egregious blunders. Now Mr. Freeman not only carves out his own subdivision of historical study on a novel principle, but the principle he adopts is calculated to save him from at least one form of error. The historian of a form of government ought, indeed, to be acquainted with the race, the religion, the manners, and the international relations of every people with whose government he has to deal, for all these act upon a form of government, as they are acted upon by it in return; and it is true that such an historian's line of study does not necessarily teach him these. But it is implied in such an undertaking as Mr. Freeman's, that, before he sits down to write, the historian has made himself master of at least a considerable part of the history of different ages, and of different states of society. This is, of itself, a great gain. The historian of a form of government is protected by the very nature of his task from much of the narrowness, and many of the sources of error, which mislead the historian of a special period. It is something for him to have learnt the relative importance of periods and of events, and to have discovered how many resemblances and how many contrasts there are in the history of mankind. Mr. Freeman's history is a conspicuous instance of the happy result of the line of study we are commending. Nothing in his first volume is more remarkable than the width of his historical knowledge. Combined with a happy sense of historical analogy, it enables him to give freshness and animation even to the history of a period which remains unattractive in spite of his enthusiasm, because it is the history, not of the final struggle and glorious catastrophe of a people, but of their slow decay and inevitable dissolution. And we may add that the same width of knowledge, wisely used, gives Mr. Freeman the key to many puzzles, and enables him to derive instruction from many notices which have been uninteresting or misleading, not merely to the German historians who have devoted their lives to the special study of the decline of Greece, but even to Bishop Thirlwall.

We have yet another reason for congratulating Mr. Freeman on his choice of a subject. Of the four countries whose constitutional annals must be written by the historian of Federalism, three at least at once remind us of gaps in English literature. There is little prospect of Mr. Bancroft's labours carrying him far beyond the period of the adoption of the second constitution. Mr. Hil-dreth is laborious, but his history is spoilt by the want of lucid arrangement; it is, in fact, not a history at all, but materials for a history. Mr. Curtis's work is the history of the origin, not of the working, of the constitution. And we know no other history of the United States. The greatest merits of Mr. Motley's history—and its merits are very great—are derived from his dramatic power, and they lie almost exclusively in the delineation of character and in the narration of events. His account of the Dutch negotiations with Queen Elizabeth, not less than his pamphlet on the Secession in his own country, makes us glad to hope that his work may be supplemented by a constitutional historian. Of Switzerland English literature contains nothing like a satisfactory history. In anticipating some of these parts of Mr. Freeman's work we are no doubt looking far into the future, but not, we trust, into a future more remote than his strength will enable him to reach. His history of the Achæan League, however, is before us. Mr. Freeman has been preceded by Bishop Thirlwall, and such are the Bishop's learning and good sense that no part of his work can ever become obsolete. And a constitutional historian of the Achæan League is under great disadvantages. Of his chief guides, one had the exclusive point of view of a biographer, and the other, though a citizen of the League, concerned himself more with the achievements of its great men and the incidents of its many wars, than with the details of its constitutional arrangements. Still, it is no disparagement of Bishop Thirlwall to say that the student of Grecian history, after reading the Bishop's last volume, will do well to turn to Mr. Freeman, and that the political student who has read Mr. Freeman may dispense with the Bishop's assistance altogether.

A form of government that has been adopted by the only purely Republican people in modern Europe, by a people that were for nearly a century the masters of the ocean, and by the greatest of the races that have occupied the American continent, and which also guided the last struggle of Greece against Rome, has an undeniable claim to rank among political institutions of first-rate importance. Yet it is not at first sight attractive to the political student. The cause of this, of course, does not lie, as it is sometimes alleged, in federalism being suited only for a period of

\* Beethoven's Sonatas. Edited by C. Hallé. Chappell & Co.

† Harvest Home. A Pastoral Cantata. Written by W. Guernsey. Composed by G. B. Allen. Metzler & Co.

‡ The Pure in Heart, Waiting for the Spring, Thinking of Thee. Songs by Henry Smart. Cramer, Beale, & Wood.

§ Il primo Sorriso, Zora, and Alla mia Maria, poesia e Musica di P. D. Guglielmo. Cramer & Co.

|| Deux Romances sans Paroles. Par Heller. Cramer & Co.

¶ Orfanello. Par R. Favarger. Cramer & Co.

\*\* Schubert's Impromptu in B. Flat. Fingered by Hallé. Chappell & Co.

†† Slumber Song. By R. Schumann. Chappell & Co.

‡‡ History of Federal Government, from the Foundation of the Achæan League to the Disruption of the United States. By Edward A. Freeman. Macmillan & Co. 1863.

transition. The Swiss Confederation still flourishes, though it is in the sixth century of its existence. The Achaean League and the League of the United Provinces each yielded to an external force which overthrew monarchies, only when the former had lasted a century and a half, and the latter two centuries. Federalism in America, as Mr. Freeman points out, has survived fifteen forms of government in France, and it is likely to survive the Empire also. Nor is there any prospect of federal government becoming obsolete. There is nothing in the state of Europe to induce the Swiss to forego or to relax the bond that has given them unity in their dealings with foreigners; and there is nothing in the state of opinion to induce the Catholic of Lucerne and the Protestant of Geneva to submit their cantonal concerns to the control of the same government. This generation may see two, or three, or four federal unions take the place of the one federal union that has hitherto existed in North America, but the loyalty of every American to his State is still only counterbalanced by his unwillingness that it should stand quite alone. And the federal principle may hereafter meet the wants of another region. The Bosnian mountaineers have little in common with the Bulgarian farmers, and the Roumans are equally distinct in race, manners, and language from the Servians, the Bulgarians, and the Bosnians. Yet, if the Balkan becomes the northern frontier of Turkey, the mutual jealousy of the liberated provinces must be made compatible with their common security against Russia and Austria. And what other or better solvent could be found than a federal union? Federalism may be an unattractive subject; but it is not unattractive from being obsolete, or transitory, and unsuited to future exigencies, for, on the contrary, it is still full of life, vigour, and promise.

Whatever unattractiveness the subject may be chargeable with is rather, we suspect, the result of the variety of the political arrangements to which the term is indiscriminately applied. So various are they, that it is difficult to grasp the leading idea of federalism. This drawback is unavoidable. As Federal Government is essentially a compromise between two polities, and often (as in the United States) the result of a struggle between two parties, scarcely any two confederations can be found that closely resemble one another. There are innumerable modes in which the compromise may be effected; and, as it always involves a double sovereignty, there are innumerable modes in which each sovereignty may be guarded, and in which the functions assigned to each may be discharged. What, then, does Mr. Freeman understand by Federal Government? He eliminates from the discussion, as not really federal, several forms of polity which bear more or less resemblance to federalism; and he is thus able to start, not indeed with a satisfactory definition, but still with an intelligible description of the character to which every essentially federal community must conform. It is needless to say that he allows such a political aggregate as the British Empire no claim to be considered federal. There is in the British Empire but one sovereign; and the privileges of the colonies, great as they are, exist only by the permission of the British Crown and Parliament. The British colonies are, in fact, merely great municipalities; and "the constituents of a federal government must be sovereign." The Athenian Empire, again, had some show of federalism. It permitted the former allies of Athens to retain the sovereignty over their domestic concerns. It alone was sovereign in its dealings with foreign States. Mr. Freeman, however, does not admit the federal character of the Athenian Empire. Chios and Lesbos may have been sovereign at home, and they certainly shared the policy of Athens abroad; but they were not federal, because they had no voice in the determination of the common policy. And it is necessary, in Mr. Freeman's opinion, "for the production of anything like true federalism, that all national affairs should be ordered in a national assembly." In theory, indeed, as Mr. Freeman himself allows, there is nothing to prevent the unreserved or national prerogatives being invested in an hereditary or an elective king; but experience justifies the historian of Federalism in claiming the representative character of the central government as part of the federal idea. Lastly, Mr. Freeman denies the federal character of the Athenian and Spartan alliances, and of such a league as that of which Philip, successor of Antigonus Doson, was the head. For in these cases the constituent States never formally abdicated their sovereignty even in respect of foreign affairs. There was no division of sovereignty. There was only an understanding that the members of the league should always adopt a common policy, and that its leading member should have a sort of prerogative vote. In this way we get a tolerably clear notion of Federalism. It implies:—(1.) That the constituent States should be sovereign in their domestic, or in some of their domestic, concerns. (2.) That separately they should have no other sovereignty whatever, nor any dealings with foreign Powers. (3.) That the body which is sovereign, and which represents the States in the latter capacity, should be one in which each State has a voice. (4.) That whatever division of sovereignty may be made, that division should be clear and definite. It is not pretended that Mr. Freeman's four "illustrious examples of federalism" invariably fulfilled all these requirements; but they all tended to conform to a type of which these were the constituent elements.

Mr. Freeman has thus considerably circumscribed the sphere of federal government. But it still includes two very different regions. The citizens of each constituent State may owe direct allegiance to the central government, or they may merely recognise the obligation of their State government to obey its com-

mands. In the first case, we have the "composite state"—in the second, the "system of confederated states" of Mr. Austin. In each case there is a division of sovereignty. Both arrangements are federal. "The real difference between the two" probably is, "that the one is a good, and the other is a bad, way of compassing the same objects." But, if good government is the object of Federalism, a system of confederated States is a very bad way indeed of compassing it. The federal citizen invariably yields to his own State his first and fullest allegiance. His allegiance to the central government is secondary and qualified. If he is disposed to defy it, his own State is a machinery ready organized for resistance. This is true of every form of federal government. But the central government, where it deals only with the State governments, has on its side no machinery to enforce obedience. Where it acts directly on the citizens, however—

It will be a government co-ordinate with the State governments, sovereign in its own sphere, as they are sovereign in their own sphere. It will be a government with the usual branches, legislative, executive, and judicial; with the direct power of taxation, and the other usual powers of a government; with its army, its navy, its civil service, and all the usual apparatus of a government, all bearing directly upon every citizen of the union, without any reference to the governments of the several States.

And it will at least not invite aggression by the spectacle of its powerlessness. It was the powerlessness of the central government which was the cancer of nearly all federations prior to the American. That the founders of the American constitution perceived the difficulty, and saw how to deal with it—that they armed each sovereignty with appropriate prerogatives, and constituted the Supreme Court as a judge between the two—are the achievements which entitle them to their place in the first rank of statesmen. The government they formed was, in fact, unlike all the federal governments that had preceded it. Mr. Mill and Mr. Austin, grudging the title of sovereign to a common council without the apparatus of a government, and dependent for its sanctions on the precarious support of sovereign States, are inclined to relegate to the category of mere alliances all federal governments that do not correspond to the American type. Mr. Freeman admits the inherent weakness of all other forms of Federalism; but he justly insists that every aggregate of independent societies that professes to form one nation in its dealings with foreign Powers aims at least at being a true federal union, and is entitled to be considered by the historian of Federalism. At the same time his admiration for the statesmen of the Achaean League makes him somewhat reluctant to acknowledge the complete originality of the American version of Federalism. It would, we suspect, be difficult to prove that the government of Aegium did, or that it did not, issue its commands exclusively to the States as opposed to the people of the League. The truth probably is, that as the arrangements of society have become much more complex and the sphere of government far wider since the time of Aratus and Philopomen, the difficulties did not occur, in their administration of a federal government, which the statesmen of America and the Princes of Orange had to solve in very different ways.

But, whether federal government conforms to the American or composite, or to the pre-American or purely federal type, certain characteristics are commonly attributed to it. As contrasted with a polity which would leave the constituent States unconnected by any bond, it protects its members from internal strife and from foreign invasion. Hamilton and Jefferson alike believed that nothing but union could prevent the Colonies from turning their arms against each other, or from falling a prey to the intrigues or to the forces of England. Eighty-five years of internal peace and external security seem to justify the common anticipations of the two great schools of American statesmen. And in Switzerland the federal system has weathered every storm, except the French Revolution; and, under its protection, German and Burgundian have on the whole dwelt peaceably together. Yet it may be doubted whether the tightening of the commercial union of nations, the increasing conformity of governments to the popular will, and a higher political morality, have not, by removing some of the causes of war, rendered less necessary some of the contrivances for resisting it. The independence of Belgium is pretty safe under the joint guarantee of European treaties and the loyalty of its inhabitants; and union in a league with Holland and the Rhenish Provinces would scarcely give it additional security. Again, Federalism is, no doubt, some guarantee for local self-government, inasmuch as the central government has not the power to interfere with local franchises; and the State governments dare not interfere with them, lest the precedent should be turned against themselves. But it is quite possible to have too little uniformity of administration; and the experience of England shows that a federal government is not the only means of giving security to local franchises. Again, it has been assumed that the action of a federal government is necessarily weak and hesitating—that the constituent States must necessarily be too jealous of its power to permit it to pursue consistently any line of policy requiring great sacrifices on their part, and giving it the control of great resources. "A federal government," wrote Mr. Mill early in 1861, "has no sufficient concentrated authority to conduct with much efficiency any war but one of self-defence, in which it can rely on the voluntary co-operation of every citizen." And Tocqueville inclined to the opinion that a federal government would never make great sacrifices either for the acquisition of new, or for the retention of old members. The present war has not yet



lasted two years, but the obstinacy and vigour with which it has been maintained throw some doubt on these propositions. Federalism can with more certainty be charged with the crime of stifling political genius. The thoughts of a federal statesman are divided between his duty to his State and his duty to his country. He commonly reaches high office in the national government only after discharging the offices of his State. And, while he brings to the conduct of great affairs the narrowness he has contracted in the administration of municipal business, he is further hampered by the necessity of regarding every national measure not only from a national but from a municipal point of view. He has to consider how a policy will react on the interests or the privileges of his own State, quite as carefully as how it will affect the position of his country and the interests of mankind. We need not look beyond the Achæan League for an illustration. Aratus and Philopœmen were the greatest statesmen it produced; but Philopœmen abandoned his country in time of war out of personal pique, and Aratus sold his country to a foreign Power in order to gratify a provincial jealousy.

The bad side of federalism is obvious. The loyalty of its subjects is directed in the first instance towards their own State, and their own State cannot act in some of the most important of human affairs. Their own sovereign they regard with suspicion, if not with a modified hostility, and they are at all times organized to resist it. Resistance, however, is none the less treason. The elaborate theory of Mr. Austin is not needed in order to demolish the supposed legal right of secession. The peculiar provisions of the written constitution of America may justify the opinion that in that constitution neither the actual government nor the State governments are sovereign, but that both are the ministers of the "aggregate of the States," whose latent powers may at any moment be called into activity. But every federal constitution, whether written or unwritten, is incompatible with the Southern theory that the central government is the common servant of the States, to be retained or to be dismissed at pleasure. None the less, however—A federation, though legally perpetual, is something which is in its own nature essentially voluntary; there is a sort of inconsistency in retaining members against their will. What is to be done with them when they are conquered? They can hardly be made subjects of the other States; are they then to be compelled at the point of the bayonet to recognise their conquerors as brethren, and to send, under the penalties of treason, unwilling senators and representatives to Washington? Either alternative is utterly repugnant to the first principles of a Federal Union.

The good side of Federalism lies in the fact that, under certain circumstances, it is the only refuge from petty wars, subjugation, and administrative oppression. A Federal government is always a complicated and often an ingenious machine; it excites our curiosity, if not our loyalty. No one would wish to see the world mapped out into systems of confederated States; and, in truth, the claims which Mr. Freeman himself makes on behalf of Federalism are modest enough. If Great Britain and Ireland were to become a confederated State, it would be a great disaster; that Italy has become a consolidated kingdom is a great gain to the world. But, as there are circumstances of which Federal government is the best solution, we are glad that Mr. Freeman has undertaken to teach us where and how it has succeeded or failed to solve the difficulties it was created to encounter.

(To be continued.)

#### STIRRING TIMES UNDER CANVAS.\*

A GOOD, or even a mediocre, book on India is always full of interest. What can we expect otherwise from descriptions of a land whose associations are so multifarious and seductive? A man must be hard to please who cannot find something in it to suit him. If he be a disciple of Mars, the chances are that there will be fighting enough in it for any reasonable taste. If his predilections be essentially of a utilitarian character, he may discover a recipe for curry, or a hint how to avoid mosquitoes. Should he be a sportsman, his fancy may be gratified by an interview with a tiger; while a naturalist will be edified by the vagaries of a serpent, and by experiments with its poison upon the human frame. Though the young lady of sweet sixteen may not deem a book of this caste equally attractive with the sensation novel of the season, still we will hazard the guess that her cousin of thirty will find in its pages matter, if not so absorbing, at all events more pertinent and suggestive. India, however, though it may be the perfect Paradise for women that it has been represented, has had a prouder destiny than to throw bouquets into the lap of beauty. Ever since the days of Clive and Warren Hastings, it has been the nursery of statesmen and soldiers. Its council has turned out men of gigantic genius, its ensanguined plains heroes of world-wide celebrity.

We have now to deal with the work of a soldier, being the recital of his personal adventures during the period of the Indian mutiny. That the author is a military man might be readily assumed, even if he had taken the pains to conceal his name and participation in the adventures he records. A little internal evidence speaks to his identity. No civilian would refer so feelingly to Aldershot as he does in his introduction to the work before us. No one, unless he had smarted more than once under the lash of official routine, could detail his connexion with the *Transit* in terms so resigned and free from captious insinuations against the sister service. Like a soldier, he had to grin and bear what a thousand soldiers have borne before, but, with a

soldier's instinct, he left criticism and a demand for redress alike to the sagacity of the British nation. It appears that at the commencement of April 1857, Captain Herford, then a subaltern in the 90th Light Infantry, embarked on board the *Transit*, with a detachment of his regiment, for China. This ship had the reputation of being unfortunate, and the present voyage proved no exception to her disastrous career. Perhaps Dr. Cumming, if his language can be made subservient to the description of sub-lunary matters, would assert she had now reached "the culminating point" in disaster. At all events, a series of mishaps was at length crowned by destruction. We have a concise recital of the ship's misadventures—"letting in water very fast when off the Solent"—"almost sinking before she could be lashed alongside the dockyard" at Portsmouth, whither she returned to repair damages—"running into Corunna to have her rigging set up"—springing "a leak near the sternpost before leaving the Cape"—"the mainyard snapped in two, and every sail torn to ribbons," when within a few days' sail of Australia—"a rent in her side twenty-four feet long, and the water rushing in" to the amount of five hundred tons in one day, as tested by the pumps. Here we have sufficient evidence that "stirring times" were passed under steam, as well as, subsequently, under canvas. But the end was not yet, though the grand climax was approaching. Whilst passing through the Straits of Banca, the "poor old crazy" ship, like the *Alma* in the Red Sea, with the same accessories of a cloudless sky and unruffled sea, struck heavily upon a coral reef. "Sic transit" a ship, whose creation was the hybrid effort of a private company and the dockyard authorities—a happy illustration of our national economy. Granted that that natural phenomenon has yet to be discovered—a fountain yielding at the same time sweet water and bitter—still we are far from assuming that the same exceptional attribute belongs to misfortune. Though the oil and vinegar may not commingle, they are nevertheless in harmony, acting as light and shade upon the pictures of life—the one exercising a soothing influence when the stinging acerbity of the other has subsided. Thus, in the present catastrophe, there is a bright side as well as a cloudy one. It is the old story, "it might have been worse;" for, thanks to the discipline of the troops and the self-possession of their leader, not a life was lost of that human freight—about 800 men—who cumbered the wreck. They landed in safety on the Island of Banca; and it was during their detention on that island that tidings of the Indian mutiny arrived, and to the author the stirring intelligence that his regiment was ordered off with all possible despatch to Calcutta.

We do not intend following him in detail through his adventures. It will be sufficient to observe that he was in time to join Sir Colin Campbell in his relief of Lucknow, and subsequently took part in the Commander-in-Chief's operations for the reduction of that city. Of course, being an actor in these "stirring times," he had an opportunity of recounting from personal observation many thrilling incidents of the campaign; and if their arrangement at all equalled their interest, we should pronounce unhesitatingly upon the merits of the volume before us. No apology is ever needed for the recital of deeds of daring, especially if the story be told without egotism and with perfect freedom from the Munchausen philosophy. Considering that the narrator was actually present in many of the adventures he describes, he appears to have observed these conditions with becoming fidelity. There is a modest, unassuming aspect about the whole affair. From the commencement, we detect the salutary determination of being, like Mark Tapley, "jolly under creditable circumstances;" and if dangers or hardships have a claim to be inserted in that category, we have no hesitation in applauding this determination, and adding our testimony to its faithful accomplishment. Essentially the work of a soldier, this volume, however, reveals one peculiarity which, from its origin, we did not anticipate. There is an anomaly about it almost as ludicrous and striking as the author's dress uniform at Singapore.

We have unmistakable evidence of military precision in the description of scenes and the recital of anecdotes. We have more than that. There is a good solid sense of duty pervading the book, which, alike during the toilsome march and fiery guard at the Kaiserbagh, when the author "lay almost scorched and blinded by the heat and smoke of the burning pile before" him, made him look upon all hardships as a matter of course, the heritage and pride of the British soldier. It is not any reflection upon Captain Herford—it would be none upon Sir Colin Campbell, Sir James Outram, or any other officer, be his rank in the service what it may—to say that we expect as much from the antecedents of our army, and the *esprit de corps* of the officers attached to it. It was a recognition of "duty" that heralded the victories of the Iron Duke; and, recognising as we do the fact that upon this feeling the safety of the nation may eventually depend, it is with pride and pleasure that we notice what is really a trait of national character rather than the exceptional attribute of any one individual.

Thus far Captain Herford's reputation as a soldier has not suffered by his assumption of the pen. His precision is remarkable, his sense of duty highly commendable, his description of battles, like a model fox-chase—sharp, short, and decisive. But his system and arrangement have not the impress of the same stamp. We search in vain for anything military about them. The soldier's skill must be lamentably deficient if his evolutions in the field are to be at all judged by his combinations on paper. Perhaps from being so much opposed to irregular troops, and accustomed to startling surprises, his literary productions must not be roughly handled if they have assumed the distinctive features

\* *Stirring Times under Canvas*. By I. S. A. Herford, late Captain 90th Light Infantry. London: Richard Bentley. 1862.

of the foe, in lieu of the organization of the 90th Light Infantry. At all events, where genius is not exalted enough to be creative, it may possibly be an adept at imitation—he is susceptible of external impressions, even though it fails to originate and produce them. A good hodge-podge is excellent in its place, but not in serious literary composition. Here we have at least a right to look for some arrangement and a definite plan; but, in the work before us, we have to put up with a fortuitous combination of anecdote and adventure—a medley without system—undrilled recruits without discipline. Abstractedly, each may be worthy of being enrolled; but when brigaded, they become mere provocatives of mirth from their uncongenial aspect and incongruous attire. A bouquet is admired, not for the gaudy glare of its constituent parts, but for the delicate admixture of light and shade, and even more for the development of that artistic skill which has produced a whole, harmonious in design, elaborate in composition. This is what Captain Herford's book lacks to a fatal extent. He and other inexperienced authors should remember that abrupt transitions are always unsatisfactory. The convenient expletives, "apropos," "once," "by-the-by," when they drag a reader perforce from the thread of a narrative, engender the conclusion that the writer was either hard up for matter, or content to be a mere mechanical bookmaker. Certainly one fact is slightly suggestive of this latter accomplishment. It is rather a startling discovery that, in a chapter devoted to "Camp amusements," twenty-six lines should stick to the text, while the remainder run riot on "spinach, green peas," Hindoo attire, and other matters quite as extraneous. Yet in the same chapter is found the record of a bloody repulse, where "the enemy lost in the course of the day 250 men!" We presume the versatile author had forgotten the adage "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," when he inserted that item among his "camp amusements." But startling surprises are the order of the day in a book of this description. The monster surprise, however, we reserve for the last mouthful of criticism. In a book of this description we were not prepared to find an Essay on Preaching. Yet, in the sixteenth chapter, there is one. Verily these must have been "stirring times," when an itinerant clergyman, mounted on a campstool, could have moved the author to such reflections. We congratulate the latter on the solid sense of his remarks. The question as to the propriety of their insertion in this volume is still an open one. For our own part, we should just as much expect to find St. Chrysostom quoted in *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, or *Paley's Evidences* illustrating the *Guide to the Turf*, as we should to find this elaborate homily jumbled together with the building of huts or the movement of "niggers." Of one thing, however, whatever be the faults or merits of his book, Captain Herford may rest assured. He has no need of apology for its publication. It will be read with interest, as a soldier's notes taken on the scenes he describes. As a work of art, we pause in our description of it. Perhaps his own comments upon the Hindoo temple will be the best epitaph on his labours—"the same rude outlines, and the same absence of perspective." Nor need he fear that his "impressions of the East" will "be considered as an unnecessary revival of what is painful." England can never cease to be proud of the victims of the Indian mutiny. Their blood has not been shed in vain. It has taught the natives a lesson which European potentates may learn with advantage, that there are no odds too great for Englishmen when they have a good cause, and that there is no sacrifice which they will not willingly endure to preserve their rights intact, whether against rebellion at home or aggression abroad.

#### BISHOP WARBURTON.\*

TO nine-tenths of readers at the present hour, the name of Warburton is nearly all that is known of one who, in his own day, made no little noise in the world. He was the best-abused and the best-abusing man of his time. John Dennis was not inferior to him in the art of stirring up strife. Ritson was scarcely superior to him in that of calling hard names. He was the chief of a band of writers—Bishop Hurd being his first lieutenant, and "Parson Towne" his drummer-boy—who took on themselves to dictate to everybody what they ought to read, think, and avoid. He was the butt of innumerable arrows—he was the great sagittary. He was a kind of Athanasius-Scarron, against whom two-thirds of the literary world were in arms. If Warburton preferred, as he apparently did prefer, an evil reputation to none at all, no man ever attained his wish more completely. "Lay and cleric" were his foes. He sharpened the fine edge of Lowth's irony; he drew down on himself the bludgeon of Churchill and the sarcastic lash of Gibbon. He sought notoriety and ensued it. He did not spare the humble; he was ever ready to daunt and defy the proud. On whose shoulders might next descend the flail of "great Gloster"—as Churchill, in no friendly spirit, dubbed him—"who else was rank? who else must be let blood?" were questions that divines, scholars, and critics, a century ago, asked each other with excusable anxiety. For Warburton, like Brother Jack in the *Tale of a Tub*, had a marvellous gift of flinging mud; and although he was in his turn well bespattered, some of it stuck. Yet, even in his own lifetime, the dread of him and the fear of him had passed away; and Warbur-

ton is now principally remembered as one of the most accomplished scolds in the world of letters. But, in spite of all his failings, Warburton deserved the record which Mr. Watson has now supplied. He is entitled to it on two accounts—his force of character, and his extraordinary reading—we can hardly term it scholarship. By the one he raised himself from a desk in an attorney's office to a bishop's see, and the latter furnished him with materials for many volumes, and with some of the strangest fancies that ever entered into or proceeded from mortal brains. Mr. Watson is not a lively writer, and his present volume greatly needs the pruning-hook. But he is diligent and candid, and holds the balance evenly between Warburton, his satellites, and the anti-Warburtonians. In some respects, we prefer his present work to his *Life of Porson*. Of the consummate scholar Mr. Watson is scarcely a competent judge. Of the omnivorous reader he takes juster measure. It is, indeed, easier to appraise a sturdy and clumsy Ajax than a swift-footed and gracefully proportioned Achilles.

Various are the ways by which men, both now and of yore, have scaled the heights of the Church. Family connexion, Greek plays, a lucky tutorship, a book or even a pamphlet in due season, and sometimes even good works and genuine piety, have earned for their owner a mitre. But it was no one of these recommendations precisely that put that spiritual crown upon the head of Warburton. A Greek author he never attempted to edit, although he made rather wild efforts to correct the text of Velleius Paterculus—a writer, by the way, concerning whose style Mr. Watson is in the dark. Neither did he dabble in politics; and as to piety, his commendations of Dr. Conyers Middleton, and certain theories broached in his *Divine Legation*, rendered his name unsavoury to strictly orthodox ears. To family interest he owed nothing, nor was he ever intrusted with the education of any of the young Pelopidae, Whig or Tory, of Britain. He achieved preferment solely by his pen—to that he owed his first patron and his last. His grandfather and father were reputable attorneys, and after his school-days were over—which, it is said, offered neither prognostic nor likelihood of his future eminence—William Warburton was articled to the family profession in April 1714. But, though he was in due time regularly admitted into one of the Law Courts, the "law was not his vocation." Even Bishop Hurd admits that his pursuit of legal knowledge was by no means eager. To text and margin he preferred a wide round of general reading; and as his studies gradually took a theological direction, he determined to take Orders. The leisure which the Church is supposed to allow for literary pursuits, rather than any distinct vision of preferment, doubtless decided this choice. That his abilities at this time were unsuspected by those who knew him best is shown by the following anecdote:—

Mr. Warburton when a young man was sometimes exceedingly absent in company. He would often sit silent or doze in the chimney corner. This frequently exposed him to a laugh; in short, he was on that account rather the butt of the company; all which he pleasantly enough received, without ever showing any resentment; and he seemed to his acquaintance to be an easy, good-natured man, who was not overladen with either learning or sense. One evening, while the company was very lively, he seemed more than usually thoughtful—not a word dropped from his lips—when one of his acquaintance, with a view to raise another laugh, said, "Well, Mr. Warburton, where have you been? And what will you take for your thoughts?" He replied, with a firmness to which they had thought him an entire stranger, "I know very well what you and others think of me; but I believe I shall one day or other convince the world that I am not so ignorant, nor so great a fool, as I am taken to be."

He observed some years later a similar reticence with his pen:—

With all his ardour for literary distinction (says his biographer), it is much to his praise that he was in no hurry to thrust himself prominently before the public with any important work. He was resolved to be well prepared for the lists before he entered them. It was not till 1736, after eight years' study at Brant-Broughton—that is, in his thirty-eighth year—that he presented to the world his first publication of any weight.

The child is not always father of the man. Frugality in speech or writing was not among the characteristics of Warburton's maturer years.

He had, indeed, appeared as an author before 1736. In 1723, the year in which he was ordained deacon, he published *Miscellaneous Translations in Prose and Verse, from Roman Poets, Orators, and Historians*; and in 1727 he printed, anonymously, *A Critical and Philosophical Inquiry into the Causes of Prodiges and Miracles, &c.* Each of these works was composed with the object of obtaining a patron, and though he did not disown them, he did his utmost to suppress them *post mortem*, after his other writings had made him conspicuous. Could he have foreseen that Dr. Samuel Parr, in his spleen against Hurd, would reprint the *Critical and Philosophical Inquiry*, Warburton would probably have put the Doctor down with Leland and Jortin in his black book.

His first essay in authorship held out no promise of literary eminence. The translations in verse showed that he had no ear; and the translations into prose showed that he had almost as little taste for ancient eloquence. Warburton's classical knowledge, indeed, in spite of his innumerable references to both Greek and Roman authors, is generally liable to suspicion. Many eminent writers are indebted for their acquaintance with the Greek text to the Latin version that accompanies it; but Warburton frequently called in the aid of French translators as well. He interprets Euripides with the help of the paraphrastic Père Brumoy. That he could not read Plato or Plotinus in the original is beyond doubt; that he could render correctly a difficult passage of Cicero or Tacitus is not beyond question. His translations, however, did for him all he required of them. They were

\* *The Life of William Warburton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester, from 1760 to 1779; with Remarks on his Works.* By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., Author of the "Life of Porson," &c. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1863.



dedicated to Sir Robert Sutton in rather jolting Latin; and the Baronet, having some political influence, obtained for the dedicatory Church preferment enough to render a man of temperate and studious habits at ease for life. Warburton, indeed, was destined to soar far above the livings of Brant-Broughton and Frisby; but it was in the retirement of the former that he laid in those funds of miscellaneous reading that he was afterwards to pour forth in the *Divine Legation*.

No stain rests upon his moral character, yet he was probably an inefficient parish-priest. At that time, indeed, few clergymen thought it incumbent on them to do more than perform the services of the Church decently; and Warburton might justly allege that he was more clerically employed in a ceaseless round of study than were not a few of his clerical neighbours in hunting thrice a week and getting drunk daily. Yet as satire is generally the echo of some rumour, and as rumour has generally some basis in fact, the following lines of Churchill render it probable that Warburton was not the most watchful of shepherds, and that a fervent Methodist might draw a sheep or two from the fold of Brant-Broughton:—

A curate first, he read and read,  
And laid in, while he should have fed  
The souls of his neglected flock,  
Of reading such a mighty stock  
That he o'rcharged the weary brain  
With more than she could well contain.

Warburton's first important work was *The Alliance between Church and State*—a subject which has been handled, in our own days, with far deeper insight by Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Watson analyzes this work fairly and ably. It at once attracted attention to a new, powerful, and original thinker. "Bishop Horsley was delighted with the book." Bishop Hare recommended the author to Queen Caroline, but his good word was of no avail, since Her Majesty died before Warburton could be presented to her. A Queen who corresponded with Leibnitz, and conversed with Sherlock and Dr. Samuel Clarke on theological and metaphysical subjects, would probably have derived much entertainment from the wide reading and speculative genius of Warburton. The book was more read and discussed than approved. "It was calculated," says Hurd, "to please neither the High Church divines nor the Low; and the laity had taken their side with the one or other of those parties."

Warburton's next publication is the one by which his name is best remembered by posterity—the one which excited the highest applause or the most vehement opposition among his contemporaries—the one which most conspicuously displays the strength and the weakness of his intellect—the one which illustrates in the liveliest and most forcible colours the extent of his reading, the precarious nature of his learning, his ambition to be singular, and his passion for paradox. To the unwary, the *Divine Legation* seemed at the moment a production worthy to rank beside the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, the *Liberty of Prophesying*, and the *Dissertation on Phalaris*. But while years have added to the solidity of these structures, they have proportionably dimmed the colours, corroded the substance, and sapped the foundations of Warburton's work. *Stat magni nominis umbra*; and the eloquent verdict pronounced by Sir James Mackintosh upon the philosophy of Hobbes may, with some modifications, be applied to the *Divine Legation*. "It is a palace of ice, transparent, majestic, admired by the unwary as a delightful dwelling, but gradually undermined, and eventually thawed into muddy water by the sunshine of true" philology. Mr. Watson's analysis of the *Divine Legation* is, on the whole, satisfactory. He has shown how triumphantly Gibbon, in his *Critical Observations*, dispersed Warburton's dream about the 6th *Æneid* containing an adumbration of the Eleusinian Mysteries. In enumerating the more recent German refutations of the Warburtonian theory, Mr. Watson has omitted the most complete and learned of them all—the Aglaophamus of Lobeck.

The *Divine Legation*, by its audacious paradoxes and its insolent tone, drew down upon its author's head a host of respondents whom, in his fashion, he answered with supercilious self-assertion. The whole controversy forms an instructive and amusing chapter in the elder Disraeli's *Quarrels of Authors*, in which will be found a fair statement of Warburton's work and the discussions that sprang from it. The original fault of the work was the inordinate scale of the design. Warburton aspired to comprise in it all Gentile philosophy, and the Hebrew and Christian schemes of religion and ethics. He might as well have undertaken to write a universal history like Bossuet's, and a history of philosophy like Brucker's, combining with them Cudworth's *Intellectual System* and Bacon's *Novum Organum*. Success was impossible—failure was certain. Warburton's knowledge of Greek philosophy and Jewish Rabbism was shallower than the summer brooks, nor had he even gifts or graces of eloquence to set forth and recommend his theories. The opinion of Bentley, when he saw the *Divine Legation*, went to the root of the matter. "This man," he said, "has a monstrous appetite, with a very bad digestion." The provocation which the author's arrogance gave was inflamed by the enthusiasm of his followers. The Warburtonians regarded the work as the Bible by which all literary men were to be sworn. Lowth justly ridiculed their credulity. "The *Divine Legation*, it seems," he said, "contains in it all knowledge, divine and human, ancient and modern; it is a perfect encyclopedia, including all history, criticism, divinity, law, politics, from the Law of Moses down to the Jew Bill, and from Egyptian hieroglyphics to modern Rebus-writing,

&c." A critic in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. vii.) took up the echoes of the dying-out Warburtonian party; but it was probably the last effort of indiscreet panegyric. He spoke of the work as "consistent and harmonious." It is about as consistent as a building would be which should combine all orders of architecture; about as harmonious as an attempt would be to unite in one concerted piece the music of the *Messiah* with that of the *Bohemian Girl*. "Warburton," Gibbon slyly remarks, "in the 2,014 pages of an unfinished work, quotes four hundred authors, from St. Austin down to Rabelais and Scarron."

The few enemies whom Warburton had failed to provoke were raised against him by his injudicious bottle-holder, Bishop Hurd. This episcopal martinet possessed a fund of impertinence large enough to kindle the wrath of even calmer temperaments than that of "the patient man of Uz." Did Warburton come out with a more than usually startling paradox, Hurd was always at hand to say "it is the voice of an oracle." Did he astound scholars by some portentous blunder, Hurd was ready to affirm that it was the right reading or a brilliant discovery. Even the juvenile works that Warburton wished to forget, and was ready to disown, Hurd cried up as the proper dawn of a glorious noonday. His *Essay on the Delicacy of Friendship* was more injurious to Warburton's reputation than were the combined attacks of Leland, Jortin, Lowth, and Gibbon. *Pol, me occiditis, amici*, might justly have been inscribed on stout Gloster's tombstone. By this fulsome, and, at the same time, arrogant "essay," Hurd drew down on his idol's and his own back the rod of Dr. Parr, and never did that "plagosus Orbilius" wield the birch more justly and effectively. Some offence—it may have been real, for Hurd was insolent, or imaginary, for Parr was petulant—in no common degree incensed the sesquipedalian Doctor against the formal Bishop; and the former vented his spleen by collecting some early, forgotten, and worthless tracts by Warburton, and republishing them with a Preface, wherein, in "polished antitheses," he poured forth all the vials of his wrath. In this assault on Hurd, Parr styled himself a Warburtonian, but the deceased Bishop had little cause to rejoice in such vindication. Of all Parr's compositions in the vernacular tongue—if, indeed, he can ever be said to have composed in it—this Preface is by far the best. It is readable unto this day, which the "Spital Sermon" is not; it is not contemptible, which his tirades against the Rev. William Curtis of Birmingham, Pitt, Thurlow, and others, are; and it shows a remarkable command of eloquent invective, and a vast amount of solid, if not always well-digested reading. Hurd did not reply. He was now advanced in years; he must have felt that a real scholar was in arms against him; he was, perhaps tired of championing Warburton; and, indeed, he had nothing more to gain, now that death had severed them, by "backing his friend."

We can afford to glance only at Warburton's relations to Pope. At first he seems to have been inclined to take part with Theobald, the Shakspeare commentator, and heard the "wasp of Twickenham." But Warburton was remarkably fickle in his literary alliances. He desired to have subjects rather than friends, and he cast off Hammer and grew cool towards Theobald when they refused to suffer his dictation or accept his fancies about the text of Shakspeare. Moreover, arrogant as he was, Warburton had an instinct of self-preservation, and his instinct taught him that, of all men then living, Pope was the very worst to anger. If, as Hazlitt remarks, a compliment from Pope was equivalent to the gift of a house or an estate, a stab from Pope was equivalent to the pillory, transportation, or hanging itself. So he obtained an introduction to the formidable poet, brought him to perceive by services and by flattery that his friendship was worth cultivating, justified the philosophy of his *Essay on Man*, fought for him against the logician Crousaz, and at last insinuated himself so far into Pope's good graces as to prevail with him to expunge some names from the *Dunciad*, and to insert others into it. Most remarkable, indeed, after the satirist's decease, was the use to which Warburton put his last and greatest work. Into his notes on the *Dunciad* Warburton clapped, without mercy, the names of his own enemies, and in his edition many persons are gibbeted whom Pope had no reason to dislike, and some of whom he had probably never heard of.

It is pleasant to turn from Mr. Watson's long record of Warburton's feuds to the concluding chapter, in which he delineates his hero apart from them and in his private life. His pen was sharper than his tongue; his understanding was more at fault than his heart; abroad he was a gladiator and a bully, at home a genial and kind-hearted gentleman. Nor was he intolerant or overbearing in society. He did not thunder or brow-beat like Samuel Johnson, nor does he seem to have aimed at conversational display. Could he have been kept from pen and ink—could he have been persuaded to write as he talked—his name would have stood fairer with his own and after times. He must always have been conspicuous, for to wrestle was a property of his nature. But more contact with the world, and a stricter discipline of his intellect, would have taught him that literature is a republic and not a monarchy; that, much as he had read, he had still much to learn, and that he

Who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
And trifles for choice matters.

## THE GATE OF THE PACIFIC.\*

CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM unquestionably deserves from the public a patient and attentive hearing. His book deals with a subject of vital and paramount importance; namely, that of a Free Transit Route—a perfectly open highway of nations—across the Isthmus of Central America. As one of the gallant explorers of the North-West Passage, he had his attention naturally drawn to a problem of this kind; and since that time his opportunities of working at a solution have been ample. He enjoyed the inestimable advantage of studying the Isthmus of Suez in company with the late Robert Stephenson. He has examined, in course of surveying duties, the entire Pacific side of Central America, with Panama as head-quarters. On the Atlantic side, he was stationed for a considerable time as senior naval officer. If his present work is not a model of literary performance, it is at any rate the manly and intelligent production of a shrewd and active English officer. If it is easy, after reading half-a-dozen pages, to say that here is a man energetically riding a hobby, it may be remembered that this was the hobby of Raleigh and his best contemporaries. With them, the author of this book may claim to share an enthusiastic zeal for his country's honour and prosperity, and a liberal ambition to develop one of the most magnificent and most neglected quarters of the globe.

The attention of great thinkers and public men has been repeatedly directed to the subject of Central American Transit, ever since Columbus spent the latter years of his life in vainly beating about to find a natural passage from ocean to ocean. But from various causes, it has hitherto failed to take hold of the public mind in England with a vigour in any adequate degree corresponding to the magnitude of the interests concerned. We believe, therefore, that Captain Pim could not have done better than he has done, in prefacing his own design with a distinct and particular account of the Isthmus, and of the several former schemes which have been started for spanning it.

Central America, slender link as it may look on the map, is very nearly equal in area to Great Britain and France put together. It contains nine political divisions. There are two provinces, Panama and Veraguas, belonging to the republic of New Grenada; and two belonging to Mexico, namely, Yucatan and Chiapas, the scene of Stephens and Catherwood's explorations. There are the five independent, though very precarious, republics of Costa Rica, San Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala, and Nicaragua; the English colony of Belize, in itself very nearly as large as Scotland; and the Indian kingdom of Mosquito, about one-fifth larger, into which the Spanish rule was never successfully extended. It is almost needless to explain that, since the total expulsion of the Spaniards between the years 1820 and 1823, the Isthmus has been a scene of constant revolution and disturbance. The five independent States first incorporated themselves with Mexico, soon afterwards appeared as a Federation on the plan of the United States, by-and-by dissolved that, and at present maintain each its separate Republican Government. Had it so happened that some one single race, vigorous and intelligent, had owned this enviable territory, there can be little doubt that by seizing upon and developing the incalculable advantages of such a position, it would already have secured a prominent place among the nations of the world. It would, in its own interests, have solved the transit-problem; for the more thoroughly a highway of commerce was maintained free and open through its centre, the more effectually would its own prosperity be secured. The canal, had a canal been adopted, would have been celebrated as a new Bosphorus; and Leon, or some other point in the Nicaraguan territory, would have risen to be another, and a more glorious, Constantinople. As Central America, however, is not united, and as none of her States have separately the power to undertake the gigantic task, it becomes a pressing and vital question for Western Europe whether the route or routes which may be constructed will be free to all the world, or be the private property of a single interested nation. The fact cannot be repeated too often, says Captain Pim, "that the Panama Railway is the *only* transit, and that it belongs *exclusively* to the United States." It is true that the soil is the property of New Grenada, and held at present on lease only. But it is also true that unmistakable evidence has been given, both before and since the outbreak of the existing war, that the leasehold is intended, by whatever means, to be converted into a freehold. It is true that by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1852, applying to the then projected ship-canal, not only was inviolability guaranteed in case of war between England and America, but the guarantee was expressly stated to apply in principle to "other modes of transit across Central America, whether by railway or otherwise, which may at any future time be constructed." But it is also a fact, declared by the Minister himself from his place in the House of Lords, that, during the agitation arising out of the Trent affair, the Duke of Newcastle was unable to communicate with the Governor of British Columbia for six weeks, through the fear of despatches sent *via* the Panama Railway falling into hostile hands.

Here, then, is Captain Pim's first great point. Unless we admit the Monroe doctrine, and concede the claim of "all America for the Americans," transit across the Isthmus must imperatively be established with absolute freedom to all nations. It is not so established at present. The Isthmus was spanned in 1855 by a railway running across the province of Panama, from Aspinwall, on the Atlantic side, to a point slightly eastward of Panama City, on

the Pacific. Had this line proved to be a commercial failure, there might possibly have arisen a chance of effecting an arrangement with the Americans, its owners, so as to convert it into a highway permanently free to the world. But, instead of being a failure, the line is paying from 15 to 20 per cent.; and the question is, shall England go on traversing this route, and becoming familiarized with this mode of transmitting her commerce and her mails, on a sufferance which may in time of war be suddenly withdrawn? Or will she not rather resolve to lose no time in carrying a route through available districts on another part of the Isthmus, establishing it on guarantees of unrestricted freedom?

Theoretically, there can be no dispute at all upon the point. But the practical questions are not so easily determined. There is, first, the question of canal *versus* railway. The fact of a railway having been actually carried, not through a fertile and inhabited region, but through the primeval forest, and worked at a large profit, would seem to be at once decisive in favour of the iron road. But the plan of canalization has been seriously discussed and warmly supported by so many able men that it is not to be by any means dismissed offhand. Ten canal routes at least have been proposed, the principal lines being fairly traceable on an ordinary map. Beginning on the extreme west, the first is that starting from Tehuantepec on the Pacific, and ending at the point where the River Coatzacoalcas enters the Gulf of Mexico. So strongly did Cortez believe in the merits of this route, that he selected the lands in the neighbourhood as his portion of the conquered country. A careful survey was made in 1842 by Don José de Garay, aided by experienced Spanish engineers. The total length of this route is 138 miles, and the lowest cost, estimated with much diffidence by Don José, would be 3,400,000*l*. The distracted state of Mexico offers, however, so fatal an obstacle to this scheme that other objections are dwarfed by the comparison. The next route is the favourite of the Emperor Napoleon, concerning whom it may not be generally known that he was at one time not far from swaying the destinies of Nicaragua. When a prisoner at Ham in 1840, he was formally requested by the Nicaraguan Government to take upon himself exclusively the construction of a canal through their country. And though, being kept a close prisoner, he could not accede to that request, the idea remained firmly rooted in his mind, and seven years later he read an elaborate and able pamphlet on the subject before the Institution of Civil Engineers in London. This line, 200 miles in entire length, runs from San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific, to the mouth of the San Juan River, on the Atlantic. Its great attraction is the natural advantage afforded by the Lake of Nicaragua, a magnificent inland sea, ninety-five miles long, in its broadest part about thirty-five miles, and averaging fifteen fathoms of water in depth. This is the canal-line which was so carefully surveyed in 1837-8 by Mr. Baily, of the Royal Marines, since which time France has continued to regard it with a most favourable eye, and is said by no means to have abandoned the hope of working it even yet. The Lake is navigable for ships of the largest class quite down to the point of departure of the River San Juan, so that this line would appear to possess all the recommendations that nature can bestow. The shorter route from Chiriqui Lagoon, a splendid Atlantic harbour, to the mouth of the David River, is condemned by the want of a likely port on the Pacific side. The Government of Louis Philippe warmly patronised a route from the little bay of Vaca del Monte, near Panama, to Limón Bay on the Atlantic. The line from San Blas to Chepo, recommended by Mr. Oliphant, has the merit of cutting the narrowest part of the Isthmus, where it is but thirty miles wide. The sanction of Humboldt's name has been invoked in support of several routes. What seems to be certain is, that he regarded Darien as the true point of the Isthmus for a canal, and inclined to cut across from Caledonia Bay to the Gulf of Miguel, or else—and this was his favourite scheme—to go farther east, and make a canal-junction between the rivers Atrato and San Juan (not to be confounded with the Nicaraguan river of the same name).

Now, it certainly is a very significant fact, that canals across the Isthmus should have been proposed at so many different points by so many able and prominent men, and yet that no canal has ever yet been achieved; for the "Nicaraguan Transit Route," the subject of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, depended entirely, during the few years of its operation, from 1852 onwards until its disgraceful collapse, on the River San Juan, the grand Lake, and overland passage for the remaining thirteen miles intervening between the Lake and the Pacific. On the other hand, though railways are not yet half a century old, while the transit question itself dates back very nearly from the discovery of the Continent, a remarkably successful and remunerative railroad has run for eight years past across the Province of Panama. It must, however, be remembered that though steam locomotives had begun running, yet the question of railway construction was by no means so thoroughly understood as it now is, when several of the leading opinions on canal-transit were formed. The imagination, if not the judgment, of Humboldt clung to the notion of a grand, lock-free, ship canal to the last. But when account is made of the length of time necessary for the construction of such a work, the enormous outlay at certain points (30,000,000*l* were estimated for the Atrato route), and, above all, the rapid changes which are not uncommon in the harbours of either shore through the process of "silt up," the scale appears decidedly to fall in favour of the comparative cheapness, certainty, and speed of a railroad.

A railway being decided upon, the next question that arises is,

\* *The Gate of the Pacific*. By Commander Bedford Pim, R.N., F.R.G.S., Assoc. Inst. C.E. London: Lovell Reeve. 1863.



whether its route shall be chosen for shortness only, or whether the development of local commerce shall enter as an important element into the calculations, side by side with the engineer's estimates and surveys. The first of these considerations appears to have been all-powerful with the projectors of the existing Panama line. It is only forty-seven miles in length, though for that short distance a uniform ticket-rate of 5*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* is exacted. But then, as Captain Pim forcibly urges, it must be borne in mind that it depends for its profits on passengers and freight alone. Intersecting the primeval forest throughout its entire length, it approaches no main avenue of commerce. It is not, in any respect, a centre towards which the products of the surrounding country naturally flow. It is simply a bridge between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Taking, like the Imperial pamphleteer, a wider aim than this, Captain Pim would develop the magnificent resources of Central America, at the same time that his route claims to improve communication with Japan and Northern China, brings us four days nearer to British Columbia and Vancouver Island, and more than ten days nearer to New Zealand and Eastern Australia. Speaking of Australia, a priority in the advantages of the existing line *via* Suez is at present enjoyed by Melbourne, which thus has a start in the commercial race over the eastern provinces of the colony. As soon, however, as the American isthmus is spanned, semi-monthly, if not weekly, mails might run by Panama and Suez alternately, and Sydney and Brisbane would thus share equally with Melbourne the precedence in receipt of mails. Captain Pim proposes, then, to start a railway from Gorgon Bay on the Atlantic—a fine harbour lying a little northward of Greytown, on the Mosquito coast, surveyed by himself, and named after H.M. vessel under his command. Leaving Gorgon Bay, the line would strike north-west by way of the Nicaraguan Lake, and the towns of Managua and Leon, to Port Realjeo on the Pacific. The whole length contemplated is two hundred and twenty-five miles, answering to the distance between London and Darlington, which is performed by slow trains in twelve hours. The estimated cost is obviously a question for matured and practical investigation; but it must be admitted to be, on first sight, the most doubtful item in the whole proposal. It has been carefully calculated, and amounts, interest on capital included, to no more than 1,000,000*l.* This is at the extraordinarily low rate of 4,000*l.* per mile, whereas the cost per mile of the Panama Railway was 32,000*l.*, and the average of our English lines is 34,638*l.* per mile. Still there are many considerations in favour of Captain Pim's estimate. The Panama Railway, though so much shorter than the proposed Nicaraguan line (forty-seven miles to two hundred and twenty-five), was cut through an exceptionally difficult country. And it is notorious that the great cost of our home lines has been swelled mainly by heavy law charges and enormous prices paid for land, both of which drains would be closed in traversing the soil of a Republic where land is fabulously cheap, and which has repeatedly signified its willingness to treat any scheme of the kind with liberality. To this advantage must be added, among others, the consideration of the great local facilities for cheap labour. Provisions, timber, and stone are at hand in abundance; and the Caribs of Honduras, the Bay Islands, and Mosquito are, according to Captain Pim, equal to the finest navvies in the world. The Carib is styled by him "the Black Macadam." He will clear an area of one hundred and fifty feet by thirty in the day, and works admirably on ration of salt pork and biscuit, with a money payment equal to twelve shillings a week. Without hazarding a word of further criticism on Captain Pim's calculations, we may nevertheless add, that if his estimate of costs is low, that of probable receipts appears to be equally so. His figures for the possible returns from trade with Japan and China (25,000*l.*), as well as those from Eastern Australia and Polynesia (55,000*l.*), strike us as moderate enough. And when it is remembered that a United States' Committee on Naval Affairs reported to Congress that a monopoly of the Isthmus would "throw into the warehouses and shipping of the States the entire commerce of the Pacific Ocean," it does not look like a hopelessly exaggerated estimate, to anticipate a net profit of 200,000*l.* per annum on the proposed Nicaraguan Line, or, in other words, a profit of 20 per cent., the same that is now made by the Panama Railway.

We end, as we began, by inviting to Captain Pim's book the attention which it deserves. The manner in which he has brought forward his own proposal is highly creditable. In treating of other schemes, he rarely, if ever, attempts a *reductio ad absurdum*. He describes each route, generally in fullest detail; he has prepared a careful map with several separate surveys, by which to collate his account; and, thus furnished, he leaves the reader to himself. His book is relieved throughout by a manly and unaffected style, and by much valuable information, partly relating to the past history of the Isthmus, partly to its present aspect and the condition of its inhabitants.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

**A**FTER the publication of M. Ampère's work on Roman history, it would seem as if there was scarcely any room for another volume on the same subject; but M. Zeller has managed to throw fresh interest about the vicissitudes of Imperial Rome, and his gallery of portraits\* possesses merits of its own which

\* *Les Empereurs Romains, Caractères et Portraits Historiques.* Par Jules Zeller. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

cannot fail to recommend it to the notice of the reader. Instead of consulting chiefly the monuments of architecture and sculpture, he has applied himself to the study of classical writers; and the different elements which he has worked out in his suggestive book are derived, not from art, but from literature. M. Zeller begins by cautioning those who study his narrative against the supposition that he has aimed at giving biographical sketches of the Roman Emperors independently of their connexion with the people whom they governed. Such a plan would have been quite impracticable, even if it had been thought desirable. From first to last, the Emperors were the complete embodiment of the *res-publica*, and, therefore, the history of their lives is, in fact, the history of that form of government which is known by the name of Roman Empire. Moreover, as most of these rulers were invested with the supreme power by virtue of an election either by the populace, the soldiery, or the aristocracy, it follows that few histories can be named in which the sovereigns are so completely identified with the society amongst which they lived. It may even be said that the Emperors unconsciously reflected all the vicissitudes of contemporary philosophy. Whilst Epicurism prevailed under the first Republican Cæsars, and Stoicism under the Antonines, the military despotism of the Severi coincided with the most thorough scepticism, and the last emperors were either Christians or Neo-Platonists. Such, in a few words, is the programme adopted by M. Zeller in his *Empereurs Romains*. The volume itself is divided into four sections, entitled respectively—the Republican Empire (from Augustus to Vitellius), the Liberal Empire (from Vespasian to Commodus), the Military Empire (from Pertinax to Numerian), the Administrative Empire (from Diocletian to Theodosius).

M. Louis Reybaud's new work\*, even if it had no other merit, might certainly claim that of *à propos*: but it is in every way a remarkable production, and the name of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of his statements of fact, whatever may be thought of the soundness of his conclusions. M. Reybaud begins by noticing the different hypotheses offered to explain the civil war which now rages through the United States, and which, in his opinion, is entirely owing to slavery. He then goes on to examine the attitude assumed by England with respect to the present crisis, and he condemns it in the strongest manner. Not, he thinks, that a mediation of any kind is desirable; for in what terms could such a mediation be couched so that it might seem to convey neither an insult nor a threat? But still there are, he considers, two ways in which Europe can express indirectly its views of American affairs; 1st, by encouraging elsewhere the growth of cotton; 2nd, by endeavouring to discover substitutes for cotton. Such are the leading observations presented in M. Reybaud's introduction. The book itself is a series of reports drawn up for the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, and referring to the moral, intellectual, and physical state of the populations which throughout France are employed in cotton manufactures. The first chapter is devoted to general views of this branch of industry; and the ten following ones take us over the great centres where it is carried on in France. One chapter treats of Switzerland, and two of England. M. Reybaud concludes by saying that the circumstances through which the cotton trade is now passing are strong arguments against the maintenance of slavery, and that, as slave-grown sugar has lost the monopoly it used to possess, the same fate awaits textile fabrics originating from the like source. A variety of statistical documents complete the volume.

Commerce forms likewise the subject of M. Paul Mouriez's new book.† Under the title *La Mer Rouge*, this gentleman begins by sketching the history of the trade carried on between Europe and India, contending that the present influence of England in that part of the world is a matter of regret, and that the construction of the Suez canal is the safest way of destroying her prestige. M. Mouriez then goes on to examine the colonial policy of the British Empire during the reign of Louis XIV., the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the war of the Revolution. The slave trade, and the Holy Alliance, receive their due share of attention; and Egypt, Greece, and China, afford successively an opportunity of tracing the principal episodes in the history of modern European commerce. In his concluding chapter, our author asserts that, after having constantly and exclusively fought for the sake of establishing her maritime and commercial superiority, England's sole object has been to stifle and put down amongst the other nations of Europe every attempt at rivalry, or even at independence. M. Mouriez acknowledges that some of his views are not entirely original, but he asserts that no one before him had established the important fact that all the difficulties under which the various governments which have ruled in France finally gave way were the result of English malevolence. The alliance with England is what he strongly deprecates—*Delenda est Carthago*.

M. Alph. Grün introduces his work‡ by saying that, as you travel through life, you meet with two very different classes of people. A few seem always absorbed in deep meditation, the circumstances amidst which they move have apparently no effect upon them, and their only constant companions are their own

\* *Le Coton, son Régime, ses Problèmes, son Influence en Europe.* Par Louis Reybaud, de l'Institut. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Les Guerres Commerciales.* Par Paul Mouriez. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

‡ *Pensées des divers Âges de la Vie.* Par Alph. Grün. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.

thoughts. The majority, on the other hand, include giddy and silly people, who live they hardly know how or wherefore; for them the great problems of human destiny are just as if they had no real existence; and beyond the follies or amusements of the hour, they have not the slightest care. M. Grün wishes to be considered as occupying a middle position between these two extremes, and he justifies his pretensions by placing before us a work which is the result of a life to which action and reflection have equally contributed. The volume we are now noticing consists of three parts, corresponding respectively to youth, manhood, and old age. The introductory section, entitled, *Heures de Solitude*, was published for the first time in 1817, and is reproduced as originally given, with the exception of a chapter entitled, *Ce que coûte la Vérité*, which the author has suppressed because he thought that the ideas developed in it might be construed into a theory opposed to the notion of progress. Under the title, *Extraits d'une Correspondance*, the second part takes the shape of a narrative, and presents in a dramatic form a number of striking and original thoughts on modern society. With the third and concluding division the book assumes a more solemn character, as the remarks and aphorisms grouped together embody the experience of declining years. M. Grün is an agreeable writer, and his book will be read with pleasure by those who are fond of moralizing over the problems of life.

Even if it be admitted that the late Louis Philippe was, during a period of his life, partial to England, to English manners, and to English institutions, we do not see that such sympathies need be a subject either of astonishment or of disgust on the part of the most patriotic of Frenchmen. Supposing, moreover, that he wished to fight *contre Bonaparte et contre ses Satellites* at a time when the throne of France was occupied by a man whom he could not view in any other light than in that of an usurper, we must acknowledge that we find nothing in this to excite our horror. If Louis Philippe, taking up arms against Napoleon, would have been taking up arms against France, does not the same objection apply, with exactly the same force, to Louis Napoleon making a descent at Boulogne, or attempting to excite disaffection amongst the soldiers of a regiment at Strasburg? For this reason, it seems to us that the documents now published by M. Dentu\* have no special political importance, and that their chief value is as historical *pièces justificatives*.

The volume† with which M. Auguste Nicolas has presented us deserves perusal, even from those who are least prepared to endorse the author's views. After examining, in his preface, what he conceives to be the confusion between dogmas and religion, properly so called, he discusses in his first essay the origin of theocracy. Without admitting, like Joseph de Maistre and M. de Bonald, that it is the only legitimate form of human government, he proves that it has performed a useful part in the history of the world, and he states the conditions under which its influence was both necessary and beneficial. A survey of the moral character of heathen Greece comes next, leading to the third disquisition, the subject of which is the pagan reaction during the second half of the first century of the Christian era. The next three chapters, treating of the pre-existence of the soul, and of liberty of conscience, are more exclusively of a metaphysical character, whilst the seventh and eighth deal with questions of biblical criticism.

M. Mary-Lafon has described in a brilliant and dramatic style‡ an incident which illustrates most strikingly the condition of French society during the last years of the eighteenth century. When Chancellor Maupeou dissolved the Parliament of Paris, exiled its members, and replaced them by magistrates more disposed to accede to the wishes of a corrupt and capricious monarch, a feeling of indignation spread throughout France, and besides manifesting itself in the shape of epigrams, lampoons and satires, it gave rise to two lawsuits which have occupied the attention of historians. With regard to the celebrated case of Beaumarchais against Gozman, sufficient has been already said, and M. de Loménie's excellent biography gives us all the details that we needed; but from the comparative obscurity of the personages implicated, we knew until very lately only a few particulars as to the quarrel between the Duke of Richelieu and Madame de Saint Vincent, and, therefore, we must thank M. Mary-Lafon for the amusing insight he gives us into the fashionable world of France in the last years of the reign of Louis XV. The facts put together in this volume from family papers, to which the author has had access, and also from documents in the Imperial archives at Paris, compose a narrative which unites the attractions of fiction with the interest of sober history. Possessed of superior talents, beautiful and accomplished, Madame de Saint Vincent, who had the honour of being the grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné, was, on the other hand, one of the most unprincipled women in an age when virtue was not easily to be found. Her adversary, the Marshal de Richelieu, equalled her, to say the least, in wickedness; and, therefore, the episode which brings them in close contact reminds us of those bygone tournaments where a great deal of the excitement arose from the circumstance that the *preux chevaliers* were matched to a nicety. Madame de Saint Vincent found herself defeated at last, but not

without a protracted series of judicial transactions in which the Duke d'Orléans, the Prince de Conti, the most eminent lawyers of the day, and Voltaire himself were involved. Documents, notes, and original evidence of every description swell the appendix to this volume.

M. Maurice Sand's *Six Mille Lieues à toute Vapeur*\*, originally published in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is the journal of an excursion to the United States, performed, in company with Prince Napoleon, by the son of the gifted author of *Mauprat* and *Consuelo*. Our traveller, however, does not limit his descriptions to an account of the Federals and the Confederates. He visits Washington, but he penetrates also through the wilds of the far West, and introduces us to the primitive comforts of wigwam life. Africa, Spain, Portugal, supply in turn the materials for his amusing correspondence; and the work, without any pretensions to either political depth or scientific research, will be found acceptable to those who like the more sober class of *impressions de voyages*. We prefer it, at all events, by a great deal to M. Henry Gibstone's *Dean le Quarteron*, of which we shall only say here that it is one of those numerous Abolitionist novels which the success of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom* has forced upon the reading public.

Madame Olympe Audouard, in her *Mystères du Sérail*†, writes a preface for the purpose of denouncing prefaces. She objects very properly to the prevailing custom amongst obscure authors of asking some distinguished literary friend to introduce their maiden work by a few lines of recommendation. In the first place, as she says, the preface-writer is thus obliged to praise a book which perhaps only deserves to be *mis au cabinet*. In the second, you worry your friend; for the writing of prefaces is wearisome to the flesh. In the third, you place yourself in the awkward position of thinking, if the book does not sell, that it must be a very bad one indeed, since not even the laudatory paragraphs of M. A. B. or C. could help it on; whilst if, on the contrary, the whole edition is speedily disposed of, the following dilemma is, perhaps, still more awkward—"Was it the merit of the work that made it popular? or was it the merit of the preface?" For this reason Madame Audouard thinks it safer to be responsible both for the volume and for the introduction; and she accordingly tells us how she got to Constantinople almost *à l'improviste*, how she made the acquaintance of a Turkish General, who introduced her to the ladies of his harem, and how she visited the harem of Abdul-Medjid, and a number of similar establishments. Her volume, divided into twelve chapters, appears to be a flattering description of Turkey; it is, at any rate, written under the impression derived from a courteous reception, and from the politeness to which every lady is entitled. We cannot say much for the woodcuts.

No one can take up a volume of M. Edmond About's works without feeling sorry at seeing so much talent wasted—*gaspillé*, as the French call it. The author of *Tolla* is so thoroughly sunk in public opinion, that his newspaper articles carry no weight whatever along with them; and this second series of the *Lettres d'un bon jeune Homme*§ will be considered merely as a collection of amusing paradoxes, which may help to pass half-an-hour without much fatigue. The first article in the book is on journalism, and we must say that, amidst a great number of phrases written for the purpose of mere effect, it contains several wholesome truths. M. About denounces the awkward position in which newspaper-writers now stand with respect both to the Government and to the capitalists who own the paper; but he either does not know, or does not choose to know, the true cause which is fatal to the liberty of the press on the other side of the Channel. The second essay relates to those little acts of municipal despotism which have on several occasions taken place in various parts of the country. By way of remedy, M. About advises his *concitoyens* to appeal to the Emperor. We are of opinion that the cure is almost worse than the disease, and that if the inhabitants of every parish could elect their own magistrates, it would save His Majesty Napoleon III. much needless occupation. The best article in the volume is the fourth, entitled *Comment on Perd la Qualité de Français*. Why, says M. About, should the Papal volunteers of Castelfidardo be condemned to lose their nationality for doing spontaneously, and under the impulse of their convictions, however erroneous, what the soldiers of General de Goyon are doing at Rome by order of the Emperor, for the small remuneration of twopence-halfpenny a day?

La Fontaine, in one of his fables, exclaims, "If lions only knew how to paint!" Between the lords of creation and their fair helpmates the balance is more equal than it was between the man and the lion of *le bonhomme's* apologue; for if we have too often represented ladies under false colours, the compliment has been returned to us in the most ample manner. Witness Madame Isabine de Myra's *Voilà l'Homme*|| This lady professes to represent us just as we are, with our excellences and our defects, our virtues and our vices; but we honestly think that the balance is struck very decidedly against us; and the apologies which

\* *Six Mille Lieues à toute Vapeur*. Par Maurice Sand. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Dean le Quarteron*. Par Henry Gibstone. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

‡ *Les Mystères du Sérail et les Harems Turcs*. Par Madame Olympe Audouard. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

§ *Dernières Lettres d'un bon jeune Homme à sa Cousine Madeleine*. Par E. About. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

|| *Voilà l'Homme*. Par Isabine de Myra. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

\* *Correspondance, Mémoire, et Discours inédits de Louis Philippe d'Orléans*. Paris: Dentu. London: Barthes & Lowell.

† *Essai de Philosophie et d'Histoire Religieuse*. Par Michel Nicolas. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

‡ *Le Maréchal de Richelieu, et Madame de Saint Vincent*. Par M. Mary-Lafon. Paris: Didier. London: Williams & Norgate.



Madame de Myra employs while quizzing those whom she calls *nos maitres* remind us very much of the little horse-dealer in Hamilton's *Memoirs of Grammont*, fleeing the unfortunate chevalier, and then begging humbly his pardon for *la liberté grande*. Our fair authoress, however, has one advantage over the *femmes incompréhensives* who, twenty years ago, talked so loudly of the rights of women. She would be perfectly satisfied with a few reforms applicable to the common usages of polite society, and if a man only condescended to forsake smoking, gambling, and *le demi-monde*, she would ask for nothing more.

M. G. de la Landelle, himself an officer in the French navy, has written a series of novels, illustrating various features of sea-life. *Une Haine à Bord*\* forms one of the volumes in this collection, and is intended to describe the experiences of a naval officer from his *début* as a midshipman, giving at the same time a view of the principal characters which may be found on board a French frigate. Some of our readers may perhaps remember the once famous maritime novels of M. Eugène Sue, *La Salamandre* in particular. They were written in a very interesting manner, and evinced an amount of dramatic power which often reached the realms of the horrible; but as professional tales, they were considered to be deficient in accuracy. The same fault cannot be found with the books of M. de la Landelle; and if *Une Haine à Bord* is a fair sample of this gentleman's literary abilities, we think that our readers will find him a pleasant companion.

The *grisettes* of M. Paul de Kock, with all their vulgarity and their *gaillardies*, were certainly preferable to the perfumed and crinolined heroines of his son, M. Henry de Kock.† In the volumes of this last-named writer, vice comes forth refined, but disgusting. His characters, like those of M. Dumas *filz*, manage to combine sentiment with depravity; and after ruining the young men who are silly enough to fall into their clutches, they talk of a quiet grave in some country churchyard, with a plain wooden cross at the head, and a simple inscription, pointing out their last resting-place. The very titles of M. Henry de Kock's novels are nasty; and the steel engravings prefixed, if taken from nature, do not say much for the author's idea of feminine beauty. But *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

We must finish this monthly *résumé* with a mention of M. Charles Jean's *Mello*.‡ The volume, small in size, contains a few agreeable pieces; but it is very probable that if M. Alfred de Musset had never written, no one would have heard of M. Charles Jean.

\* *Une Haine à Bord*. Par G. de la Landelle. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

† *Les Baisers Maudits*. Par Henry de Kock. Paris: Sartorius.

‡ *Mello, Poésies*. Par Charles Jean. Paris: Lévy. London: Jeffs.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

### THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 384, MARCH 7, 1863:—

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French Literature.

#### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the Management of Miss Louise Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

Last week but one of the Season. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, will be repeated *Baff's New Grand Opera, THE ARMOURER OF NANTES*. On Monday and Friday, Bellini's popular Opera *LA SONNAMBULA*. After the Opera on Monday only, to conclude with the Burlesque opening of the GRAND PANTOMIME, terminating with the Transformation Scene. On Tuesday to conclude with, in honour of the Nuptials of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Princess Alexandra, an Allegorical Masque, entitled *FREYAN GIFT*. Commence at Seven.

A grand MORNING PERFORMANCE of the Great Pantomime, *HARLEQUIN BE A UTY* and the *BEAST*, will take place on Tuesday Morning, March 10. Children under Twelve years of age admitted at half-price to all parts of the house except Pit, is. 6d. Commence at Two.

#### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—

Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON respectfully informs his Friends and the Public that his ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on MONDAY, March 16, when will be performed Floto's Grand Opera of *MANTHA*, with an unprecedented Cast, being the Last Night but Five of the Season.

#### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.

BEETHOVEN NIGHT (by particular desire), on Monday Evening next, March 9. The Programme will include the Grand Septet for wind and stringed instruments; the Kreutzer Sonata for pianoforte and violin, M.M. Chas. Hallé and Salskov; and the Moonlight Sonata, M. Chas. Hallé, for pianoforte alone. Executants, M.M. Chas. Hallé, Salskov, Faquet, H. Webb, Lazarus, C. Harper, Hauser, and Severn. Vocalists, Mlle. Corbali and Mr. Wibye Cooper. Conductor, Mr. Lindsay Sloger. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets at Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

#### CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—March 10, Wedding-day of the

Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra.—GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE in the Great St. James's Hall, by the celebrated and original Christy's Minstrels, on Tuesday afternoon next, March 10, at 3 o'clock, being their Last Appearance. Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Area, 1s. Tickets at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

#### MR. EDMUND YATES'S INVITATIONS TO EVENING

PARTIES and the SEA-SIDE will be issued at the EGYPTIAN HALL, EVERY EVENING (except Saturday), at Eight o'clock. Mr. HAROLD POWER will be one of the party. A Morning Performance on Saturday, at Three o'clock (this day excepted). Stalls, 3s.; Area, 1s. Gallery, 1s. The Box Office is open daily from Eleven till Five o'clock.

#### SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—

Will shortly Close.—WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the Members, at their Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East.—Open from Nine till Noon. Admission, 1s. JOS. J. JENKINS, Secretary.

#### UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—NOTICE IS HEREBY

GIVEN, that on WEDNESDAY, April 29 next, the Senate will proceed to elect

Examiners in the following departments:—

Examinership. Salaries. Present Examiners.

ARTS and SCIENCE.

Two in Classics ..... £200 (Rev. J. W. Blakesley, B.D.)

Two in The English Language, Literature, and History ..... 475 (Rev. Joseph Angus, D.D.)

Two in The French Language ..... 430 (Joshua G. Fitch, Esq., M.A.)

Two in The German Language ..... 430 (Prof. Cassal)

Two in The Hebrew Text of the Old Testament; The Greek Text of the New Testament, and Scripture History ..... 430 (Antonin Roche, Esq.)

Two in Logic and Moral Philosophy ..... 430 (Dr. Schallhe)

Two in Political Economy ..... 430 (Vacant)

Two in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy ..... 430 (Richard Holt Hutton, Esq., M.A.)

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Two in Chemistry ..... 430 (W. H. Besant, Esq., M.A.)

Two in Botany and Vegetable Physiology ..... 430 (Edward John Routh, Esq., M.A.)

Two in Geology and Palæontology ..... 430 (Prof. Living, M.A.)

Two in Law and the Principles of Legislation ..... 430 (Balfour Stewart, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.)

Two in Medicine ..... 430 (Prof. Wm. A. Miller, M.D., F.R.S.)

Two in Surgery ..... 430 (Prof. A. W. Williamson, Ph.D., F.R.S.)

Two in Anatomy ..... 430 (J. D. Hooker, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.)

Two in Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, and Zoology ..... 430 (John Lindley, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S.)

Two in Midwifery ..... 430 (John Lindley, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S.)

Two in Materia Medica, and Pharmaceutical Chemistry ..... 430 (Prof. Garrod, M.D., F.R.S.)

Two in Forensic Medicine ..... 430 (Prof. Guy, M.B.)

Two in Law and the Principles of Legislation ..... 430 (Herbert Broom, Esq., M.A.)

Two in Medicine ..... 430 (Joseph Sharpe, Esq., LL.D.)

Two in Surgery ..... 430 (Vacant)

Two in Anatomy ..... 430 (Thos. Blizard Curling, Esq., F.R.S.)

Two in Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, and Zoology ..... 430 (Vacant)

Two in Midwifery ..... 430 (Prof. Redfern, M.D.)

Two in Materia Medica, and Pharmaceutical Chemistry ..... 430 (George Busk, Esq., F.R.S.)

Two in Forensic Medicine ..... 430 (Vacant)

Two in Law and the Principles of Legislation ..... 430 (Wm. Tyler Smith, Esq., M.D.)

Two in Medicine ..... 430 (Charles West, Esq., M.D.)

Two in Surgery ..... 430 (Prof. Garrod, M.D., F.R.S.)

Two in Anatomy ..... 430 (Vacant)

Two in Physiology, Comparative Anatomy, and Zoology ..... 430 (Prof. Guy, M.B.)

Two in Midwifery ..... 430 (William Odling, Esq., F.R.S.)

Two in Materia Medica, and Pharmaceutical Chemistry ..... 430 (Vacant)

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12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0	1 15 0	1 17 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 10 0	1 2 0	1 5 0	1 7 0
6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowls	0 10 0	0 13 6	0 15 0	0 15 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 9 0	0 9 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 6 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 12 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 3 4	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 5 0
1 Mustard Spoon, gilt bowl	0 1 8	0 2 3	0 2 6	0 2 6
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 4 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	1 4 0	1 7 6	1 10 0	1 12 0
1 Butter Knife	0 2 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 13 0	0 14 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 3 0	0 4 6	0 5 0	0 6 0
Total	9 19 9	13 10 3	14 19 6	16 4 0

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1. The rapid growth of the Australian Colonies and the extraordinary development of their commercial resources have rendered the Australian Banks the most flourishing undertakings of this class of enterprise in the world.

2. Nor is this to be wondered at when it is considered that from the two colonies of Victoria and New South Wales alone not less than one hundred and twenty-five millions sterling of gold have been produced in ten years.

3. The extent and intimacy of the commercial relations between the colonies and Great Britain will be gathered from the fact that, while in America the consumption of British manufactured goods is at the rate of less than 17%, in Australia it is over 17 per cent.

4. It is known that from a variety of causes the population of the Australian colonies continues to increase far beyond the natural rate. This circumstance would of itself, according to the fiscal authorities, justify the establishment of the proposed Company; but all the important cities and townships are connected by telegraph, and many of them by railroad; and as the vast amount of trade carried on between the principal ports and inland centres of population—a trade which is daily increasing—demands a further introduction of capital and banking facilities, it is believed that the establishment of this Bank is justified as a matter of necessity. It is worth mentioning that the exports of wool in 1861 from Australia and New Zealand were 208,843 bales, while from the Cape of Good Hope which ranks next in importance as a wool-producing colony, they only represented 61,734 bales.

5. The success of the existing Australian Banks will be seen at a glance from the following table:—

Name of Bank.	Head Office in Colonies.	Paid up per Share.	Present Price per Share.	Dividend per cent. with bonus.
Bank of New South Wales .....	Sydney ....	£100	£100	12½
Bank of Australia .....	Melbourne ..	100	95	10
South Australian Banking Company ..	Adelaide ..	25	25	10
Union Bank of Australia .....	Melbourne ..	25	50	10
London Chartered Bank of Australia ..	Melbourne ..	20	20	8
Commercial Banking Company of Sydney	Sydney .....	25	45	15

6. The safety of Australian Bank speculations is undoubted. There has not been a single Bank failure since the land panic a quarter of a century ago; in fact, Australian investments generally stand in the market next to our own Government securities.

7. It is worthy of notice that the Bank of Australasia, incorporated in 1826, has, it is stated, proposed to increase its present capital, £500,000, to the utmost limit allowed by its charter, viz. £1,200,000, in order to keep pace with the growing demands of the Australian Colonies, especially of New Zealand, in which until lately the Union Bank of Australia has enjoyed a profitable monopoly.

8. Rapid and remarkable as the progress and prosperity of Australia have been, its future success is likely to be more observable. Every intercolonial exploration has shown that the pastoral and mineral resources even of those parts of the country which were presumed to be rich and unexploited, are of great richness and easy development.

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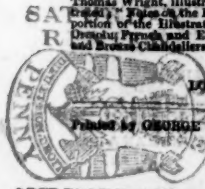
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